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PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES

OF

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES

OF

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

SECOND BARONET

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Sometime Queen's Remembrancer

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'Amicos habebat omnes bonos
PHILELPHUS, *Vita Dantis*

IN TWO VOLUMES

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

birth—The old legal quarter—House in Bedford Row—Virginia Water —Cheshunt — Kensington — Funeral of Queen Caroline — Early speculations—Coronation of George IV.—A spectral illusion— Hampstead—Botanising—Summer residences—Letters from Chief Baron—The old Courts—Former legal hours—Visitors in Bedford Row—Rides in the country—Circuits—York—Beckford's *Vathek*— Brougham and Scarlett—*Ten Thousand a Year*—Durham—Count Borwlaski—Macaulay's memory—The Fire-King—Vacant judgeship—The schoolmaster abroad—Lancaster—Dr. Lingard—Picture case—Reform Bill—Gloomy Tory views—Gillingwater's bear's grease—Borough of Huntingdon — Opening of Parliament — Saying of Talleyrand — The Lake Country — Cholera fast—Mdlle. Mars—Taglioni . . . . . Page 1

CHAPTER II

Cambridge — Tavel — Bishop's Hostel — Sydney Smith — Wi ell — Dinners in hall—Wine-parties—Douglas Heath—Sir Robe t Peel —Cambridge Union—The Fifty—Sunday question—President of the Union — An Irish member — Sedgwick's lectures — Airy's lectures—Experiments—Freshman's examination—Old travelling —Letters from Chief Baron—General reading—House and Window Tax—Little Go—Making Paley—Admission of dissenters— Undergraduates' petitions—Duke of Wellington—Duke of Gloucester—Petitions presented 40

CHAPTER III

Hopkins—Cambridge Apostles—Choice of members—Qualifications—Lord Tennyson—St. Augustine—Peel in office—Keeping acts—A rubrical martyr—Brawling in church—Thorpe—A little dinner—A wise tutor—Chancellor's installation—Charles Kemble—London clubs—Carstairs House—Robert Monteith—Old-fashioned ways—Edinburgh—W. H. Thompson—Lady Olivia Sparrow . Page 67

CHAPTER IV

Call to the Bar—Northern Circuit—An old pleader—Knife or spoon—A wicked plot—Junior of the circuit—Leaders on circuit—Bar at York—*Lewin's Crown Cases*—J. L. Adolphus—T. F. Ellis—Brougham's *Hydrostatics*—Circuit friends—Lodgings in York—Judges' dinners—First brief—Justice Coleridge—Public speaking—Liverpool—Bar at Liverpool—The Manchester Defiance—A night adventure—Macready at Covent Garden—Milnes's breakfasts—The Queen's coronation—Edward Fitzgerald 89

CHAPTER V

Justice John Williams—Dinner in Grosvenor Square—York Summer Assizes—Circuit Mess—Samuel Warren—Sir David Dundas—Grand Night at York—A jocular tenure—Grand Night at Liverpool—J. A. Roebuck—Brief at Liverpool—Serjeant Wilkins—Mirehouse—Idling on Bassenthwaite—Borrowdale—Dr. Chalmers—Sir John Waters—Visits in Scotland—Lord Corehouse—Professor Wilson—Mdlle. d'Este—Mrs. Stevenson 116

CHAPTER VI

Yachting—The *Orion*—Log of the *Orion*—Canna—Loch Scavig—Stornoway—A German brig—A deal for cigars—On shore again—Return to London 138

CHAPTER VII

The sheriffs in Newgate—A judge's naughty words—A fatal question—Parliamentary privilege—Flowers in the Temple—Mrs. Carlyle—Carlyle a juryman—Walton and Potter—A jury locked up—The obstinate juror—Made a revising barrister—Blundell will case—Ince Blundell—Campbell at Liverpool—Baron Rolfe—Revising—Tom Taylor—Rokeby—Lord Dudley—Revising charges Page 147

CHAPTER VIII

High Stewardship of Cambridge—Lord Lyndhurst—Guildford—An old house—A Mint case—Justice Maule—Binfield—Rachel—Sir Francis Burdett—General election—Thackeray at Fryston—Carlyle on Skiddaw—At church—The man that says Amen—Early glacier action—Wordsworth—Hartley Coleridge—Lowther Castle—Visit to Cambridge—King's Bench Walk—Sir Robert Inglis—Prince of Wales—Christening—Thackeray in Great Coram Street—Miss Austen—Dinner to Cresswell—Sterling Club—The water cure—A bashful Irishman—Queen's Birthday dinner—Dalemain—Ullswater—Helvellyn—Bowness 167

CHAPTER IX

A singular lunatic—Chartist riots—Special Commissions—General Sir George Pollock—Feargus O'Connor—Trial at Lancaster—Beauty in barristers—Scarborough—A charity bazaar—Flamborough Head—Lakeland in autumn—Winter Assizes—Marriage—Making a Serjeant-at-law—The new Chief Baron—Mendelssohn—The Queen's jewels case—Lauriston Castle—Killearn—Carstairs—Tour in the Highlands—Nomination of sheriffs—Order of precedence—Old Court of Exchequer—Hearing of jewels case—George II.—Queen Charlotte—*Antigone* at Covent Garden—Talfourd—The Portland vase—Captain Douglas—A *habeas corpus*—A scene in Court—Babbage's parties 200

CHAPTER X

Colin Mackenzie—Dwarkanauth Tagore—Corby Castle—Family treasures—The Cushman sisters—Divided lead on Circuit—Frank Haywood—Master of the Revels at York—Appointed a Master—Lynton—Royal Institution—Rev. John Barlow—Brande—Faraday—Spirit-rapping—Lecturers—Squails—Literary Fund—Lablache—A Cambridge election—Edge Lane Hall—Translation of Dante—Trip to France—First day of Term—Jenny Lind—Louis Philippe—Louis Blanc—Tenth of April—Special constables—Defences of Bank of England—Success of the arrangements—St. Julian's—Lord Hardinge on Ireland—John Sterling—*Corinne*—A boy's haircutting . . . . . Page 232

CHAPTER XI

Dinner at College of Surgeons—Wheatstone—Owen lecturing—A mistake set right—Professor Brodie—Baron Alderson—Dr. Wollaston—The Chinese junk—F. D. Maurice—Alterations at Cambridge—Annexation of the Punjaub—M. Proudhon—Party at Bunsen's—*Don Giovanni*—Alboni—Kew Gardens—Manningtree—A curious story—Mrs. Grote—Lady Chantrey—Vacation—Death of Sir Robert Peel—Broadstairs—Dickens—Macready's last performances—Macready's farewell—Dinner at Hall of Commerce—Sir David Brewster—John Forster—Sherborne House—Reading of *Hamlet*—*Not so Bad as we Seem*—Hungary—Haynau—Dickens—Mr. Cunningham 268

CHAPTER I

BIRTH

UPON his marriage with my mother my father took a small house in Bernard Street, Russell Square, in which I was born on 3d April 1815. On coming up from Cambridge to London he lived in a house No. 18 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, the first on the left hand in entering from Fleet Street, now, I think, absorbed in the building of the Norwich Insurance Office. This served him for professional chambers and dwelling, and his chambers continued to be there until he moved to a detached building called Twisden Building, which formerly stood on the south side of Lamb Court, Inner Temple, and was removed when the new hall was built.

Russell Square was then the centre of legal

fashion, and was full of judges and eminent barristers. Sir Samuel Romilly lived in it, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the portrait painter, then or soon afterwards occupied one of the large houses on the east side of the square. At the same time Lord Chancellor Eldon was in Bedford Square, where I remember were living, after I was myself called to the bar, Chief Justices Denman and Tindal, Justice Patteson, and many other lawyers of high position. The small streets around the two great squares were the natural abodes of younger professional men.

I cannot remember being in Bernard Street. I first remember being in No. 25 Bedford Row, now entirely occupied by solicitors' offices, but at that time chiefly consisting of the residences of professional men—Abernethy, the great surgeon, living nearly opposite to us. The house was a large one, and of unusual construction. The ground-plan was a gnomon, with two sets of windows looking into a garden. The dining-room had four windows and was panelled; behind it was the library, with one large window going to the garden, and running back from this was a dressing-room. On the

first floor were two drawing-rooms over the dining-room, the smaller of which was decorated in Strawberry Hill Gothic, and opened from the larger room by a small door, replaced by a wide opening and folding doors afterwards. Over the library and dressing-room below were the best bedroom and a dressing-room which belonged to it. On the second floor were two bedrooms; in front a room known as the passage-room, because it was the only means of communication between the front and back of the house on this floor, as indeed was the case on all the floors, there being a front and back staircase from the basement to the top. Above were the garrets, in one of which, occupied by me, were afterwards kept the collections of the "Attic Museum," the back staircase opening directly into the largest of them. At the back, but with the floors on a different level, was a pile of building, with a wash-house on the ground-floor, a laundry over it, and above that a large room, which was the day nursery. From the house a door led into the stables, over which were living rooms for the coachman. I have known my father use this door to escape from a troublesome visitor. The wash-house was

not, as I remember, ever used as such, and belonged to a time when all washing used to be done at home, and every good house was provided with such a convenience. At one time there was a brass plate bearing my father's name on the front door, as I suppose was usual at the time, and such as still appears on the doors of medical men. I only know of one surviving on a private house, which is on Lord Powis's door in Berkeley Square.

My earliest recollection, however, is not of the house in Bedford Row, but of a country house at Upton, near Slough, in the summer of 1817. I identified it without assistance when as a boy I was once paying a visit to Mrs. Delavaux at Datchett, and came upon it unexpectedly in a walk by myself. From this I remember being taken with a fishing-party to Virginia Water. I distinctly recollect the cane seats and sides of the punt, and saving the tail of a gentleman's coat from dipping into the water, and how, when the fishing-rods were taken out of their cases, I at once appropriated the top joints of the rods as small rods intended for me and such as me, and my growing despair as I saw them one after another fitted

in to complete the large rods, culminating in a burst of tears as I saw the last thus used, and an end put to all my hopes. On the same occasion I got my feet wet, and, refusing to put on dry shoes which were not my own, had a fit of the croup, which was a great enemy of my childhood.

In 1818 we had a country-house for the summer at Cheshunt. At that time, and for long afterwards, it was impossible for a junior barrister in practice to have complete enjoyment of the Long Vacation. *Nisi Prius* sittings were held in October, before Michaelmas Term, and a well-employed junior was obliged to be at work in preparing pleadings and advising on evidence for cases to be tried at these sittings; and this began as soon almost as the longer circuits were coming to an end. The only way of spending what remained of the vacation after circuit, out of London, was to be in some place in the country, but within easy reach of it,—and the area available before the time of railways was, of course, a limited one. During two of the years in which Queen Caroline resided at Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith, we were in Phillimore Place, Kensington, which at that

time was practically in the country, and quite open to fields at the back. It was our amusement as children to watch the processions of hackney coaches in which the Queen's adherents used to go to attend her Courts. Her death occurred in the second year of our being at Kensington, and I well remember a stoppage of the funeral procession which took place opposite our windows. We were all taught that she was a bad woman, and curiosity led us to ask what she had done bad. In reply we were told that she took things from other people's plates at dinner, and put things on their plates from her own. This was, in fact, one of the instances given in evidence at her trial of unseemly familiarity with Bergami, her courier. It had, therefore, as an answer the merit of being historically authentic, and also of pointing a moral of good conduct for the nursery dinner-table. One of my earliest troubles in life was learning how to tie a bow, and I remember how I used to be kept from breakfast until I had, under this pressure, learned to tie my own shoe-strings. Bedford Row was a long way from the Parks, and the only near place of resort for children was the neighbouring

garden of Gray's Inn—not a very cheerful spot, but of much greater extent at this time, before Verulam Buildings were erected. Then there were certain nursery gardens in the space now occupied by Euston Square. Here was a rather large pond, and I used to stand upon a plank which projected over the water, and wonder why I seemed to be myself moving, when, in a light breeze, there were regular ripples advancing towards the shore, and I kept my eyes fixed upon them. Another subject of speculation at home was, when lying awake in one of the nursery bedrooms, with the fire burning and no candle alight, why the portion of the ceiling immediately above the fire was always dark, and I was much pleased on making the discovery that this was caused by the shadow of the mantelpiece. Sometimes there were journeys westwards into purer air in the family coach. In those days it was the fashion to walk in Kensington Gardens, entering them about where the Albert Memorial now stands, and carriages used to wait in a place reserved for them inside the park wall which then existed.

I have a vivid recollection of being taken out of bed very early in the morning to see my

father and mother in their Court dresses before they left the house to go to Westminster Abbey to be present at the coronation of George IV., and the delight with which their return was hailed when it was known that they had secured the possession of one of the medals flung about on the occasion.

In 1822, when I was seven years old, we had for the summer absence from London a house at Fulham, near Percy's Cross, called Arundel House. It was an old-fashioned, roomy residence, with a large garden and an old mulberry tree, surrounded by a brick wall. It was then completely in the country, but its site is now (1886) surrounded by new buildings, and it has probably disappeared. I was here the subject of a transient illusion, which, under other circumstances, might have constituted a very respectable ghost story. I was awaked very early on a July morning by the sun's rays streaming into my bedroom, and in the bright daylight saw the figure of my father kneeling on the floor at the foot of the bed, with his head buried in his hands on the bed. He was then a couple of hundred miles away, on circuit at York. I gazed on the apparition, but did not

move; and as I became gradually completely awake, the supposed figure resolved itself into my own clothes, which had been thrown carelessly on the bed, with the trousers hanging down on the floor—in short, it was an illusion, like that of the supposed appearance of Byron in the hall at Abbotsford, as described by Scott, and caused by a fortuitous grouping of cloaks on a stand. Now, if I had moved suddenly so as to derange things before I had waked up sufficiently to see what was really before me, I should have lost the means of explanation; and if, at the time, anything serious—in the way of accident or illness—had happened to my father, there would have been a very good ghost story indeed.

In the following year (1823) the country-house was at Hampstead, near to Well Walk, Hampstead Heath, and the surrounding fields and roads were at this time thoroughly in the country. The varieties of heath common in England were to be found in profusion, and the wild flora was an abundant and various one, owing to the great variety of soil and situation to be found in the immediate neighbourhood. We collected flowers, dried them, and placed

them as specimens in a herbarium, which, as I can remember, was an old folio volume of Irish Parliamentary proceedings. At the same time my father, on circuit, gathered such flowers as he could, and exchanged specimens with us. They always went under cover to, or franked by, Brougham, Tindal, John Williams, or Mr. Wood (afterwards Chairman of the Board of Excise), all then members of Parliament, and at the bar on the Northern Circuit. There used to be many worse abuses of the privileges of franking, if this indeed was an abuse—such as the case of the lady at Brighton who was said every day to have received free by post a London roll for her breakfast table, under the protection of an official frank, which was unlimited as to weight, whereas the Parliamentary frank was only good for one ounce. Our guide and interpreter in making out the names of new flowers was Galpin's little book—of which I still entertain the most charming recollections. The ease and certainty with which it could be used made it a pleasant task to turn to it for assistance, and I wonder how young people would manage now, under similar circumstances, in the universal predominance

of the natural system. We did very well in our small field of work and observation with the discarded *andrias*, and *gynias*, and *monadelphias*, and *didynamias*, and so forth, of old Linnæus. Later on there were years at Brighton (driving down in two days and sleeping a night at Cuckfield), Drayton Green, Hampstead again, Cheshunt, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Scarborough, where the Sark steamers used to call for passengers, weather permitting.

The following letter was written from York on the Northern Circuit, in 1824, to my brother Robert and myself, and contains corrections of Greek and Latin exercises, which were carried by members' franks in the same way as the botanical specimens :—

My dear Boys—I have determined to-day to write you a longer letter than usual, and have quietly put myself down in the Criminal Court before a large sheet of paper for that purpose. I have got, I think, three letters of lessons and exercises to look over, and shall first set about them. . . . Mitford's *History of Greece* is a very good book to read for the purpose of acquainting yourself with the history of that most extraordinary nation. Three hundred years before our Saviour's birth, that is more than 2000 years ago, the Greeks were pre-eminent in poetry and eloquence, in sculpture and architecture, and what we now do of our

best in these matters are humble and feeble imitations of their excellence. . . . As to your collection of information from different books, I think people in general call such a book a commonplace book, and it is a very useful thing to have such a book in order to note down what is remarkable, and collect what otherwise would be fugitive. I have often thought if any person were to collect all the curious and entertaining circumstances which came within his knowledge, he would have a merrier stock of amusement than any jest book would furnish, and it might have a great deal of wisdom as well as wit in it.—Wishing you every blessing, I remain, my dear boys, your affectionate father, F. POLLOCK.

The next came from Lancaster in the following year.

12th March 1825.

MY DEAR FREDERICK—As you have learnt the "Propria quæ maribus," do not at present forget it. I am not sure that it is worth learning, but, I think, to a young scholar it is (being once learnt) worth remembering. "As in præsenti" reminds me of Goldsmith's *Essays*, in which there is a whimsical translation of "Es in presenti perfectum format." "Æs in præsenti," ready money; "format," makes; "perfectum," a perfect man. If you have not got Goldsmith's *Essays* I must get them for you. They are the very best productions of their kind in the English language, full of wit and nature and truth and excellence, in a style of the easiest and simplest character; you should almost know them by heart. . . . Horace may be considered the gem of Latin literature, especially the *Satires* and *Epistles*, which are quite original and like nothing that went before.

Virgil's *Eclogues* are almost translated from Theocritus, the Greek pastoral poet; the *Æneid* is a close imitation, frequently a translation or paraphrase, of the *Iliad*. Terence is copied from Menander; the *Odes* of Horace in some, but a much less, degree from Pindar; but the *Epistles* and *Satires* are quite original. Read over and learn an ode now and then. Of the whole wealth of classical learning Horace may be considered as furnishing the greatest quantity of ready money, "æs in presenti."—Your affectionate father, FRED. POLLOCK.

At this period the Courts in London used to sit at nine o'clock in the morning, and rose, as they do now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, but did not adjourn in the middle of the day, as they now do, for luncheon, so that the working day was one of seven hours. There would be always four judges in each of the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, sitting in banco; and if it so pleased them they would go out separately for a few minutes to get some luncheon—the same with the bar and other persons in attendance. The necessity for a formal luncheon was not so great as it now is, seeing that five o'clock was the usual dinner hour for the legal world. The breakfast hour had to be early; the Temple was within an easy walk from the legal quarter of the town,

but for Westminster Hall or for the *Nisi Prius* sittings at Guildhall some conveyance was necessary, and the choice lay between a private carriage and the lumbering and clattering hackney coach of the time. There were no cabs, omnibuses, or metropolitan railroads. Almost as far back as I can remember, I seem to see my father leaving the house in Bedford Row in his own family coach to go to Court. Usually Coleman, his clerk, who lived not far off, near Mecklenburg Square, joined him and accompanied him to Court. My mother generally went in the carriage to fetch him away at four o'clock. There could be no dining out or receiving of company at home except on Saturdays or Sundays. But not infrequently my father would bring home to dinner one or two men from his pupil room or picked up in Court. Then at fifteen or twenty minutes to seven the inexorable hackney coach would come to the door and carry off host and guests together to the Temple, where consultations and answering of cases occupied the rest of the evening until ten o'clock, when the return home would again be made in a hackney coach. In those days, and for long after, indeed until the time (1846)

when I left the bar, consultations were held as a matter of course in the evening—sometimes as many as three or four, and each case had its allotted half an hour. In a light case the necessary business would be soon concluded, and there was time for general talk, which a courteous leader, and juniors not too shy to take advantage of the occasion, would not be slow to turn to account.

The usual visitors at the house used to be Blomfield, first as rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, and then as Bishop of Chester and of London; and Monk, Bishop of Gloucester—both old college friends of my father. König, keeper of the mineralogical collection in the British Museum, came sometimes, and to him I owed many a pleasant visit to the Museum as a boy on private days. Wilkie, the painter, would come too, and he to some extent superintended a picture with portraits of the family, which was painted by Edmondson, but is much in his own manner. In it my mother wears the coronation medal of George IV. With Crabbe Robinson I was early familiar. His knowledge of German was then a rare accomplishment, and he used to be called Dousterswivel in the family,

after the adept in Scott's *Antiquary*. I remember, too, a handsome young Count, Alfred de Vaudreuil, an attaché at the French Embassy, with whom I think my father made acquaintance at Polignac's house in Portland Place; and the ambassador he had met at the Duke of Gloucester's, whose election as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge he had actively supported, and who was one of my godfathers. There would, of course, also be married men on the Northern Circuit and their wives; but I do not remember any judges at the house in those days. I suppose it was not the etiquette for those great dignitaries to dine at the house of a stuff gown at that date. While living in Bedford Row I had the riding of a pony called Hobby. The shortest way of getting into the country, which I much preferred to the Parks, was by Gray's Inn Lane. To the north of King's Cross there was nothing but open fields and green lanes, and there was a pretty ride by Maiden Lane, over the Highgate Archway, and returning by Hampstead, with the merit of being free from turnpikes, which I most frequently took. At this time there were turnpikes all round London, and I sometimes dis-

(Manners Sutton), Lord Lyndhurst, Bishop of Carlisle (Percy), Lord Lowther, Estcourt, and Inglis, Goulburn, Tindal, Master of Rolls (Leach), Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, Parke, Bosanquet, Sir Alexander Grant, John Wray, and myself. Also Wetherell, Scarlett, Dr. Phillimore, Bayley, Myers, Sir Henry Halford, Dickinson. After dinner the Duke of Wellington told me he had received a letter from you, but he thought that the Duke of Gloucester ought to present your petition and he wished me to write to you, and in order to do so I send this parcel by a coach; and as the Duke of Gloucester is not unwilling, I think you ought to resort to him. If, on account of its being a breach of discipline, the Chancellor of Cambridge ought not to present it, it seems obviously indelicate that the Chancellor of Oxford should do so. But I confess I see no impropriety in the petition at all, and, proper or improper, the Duke of Gloucester will present it, although he might not have promoted it.—Yours affectionately,

F. P.

Twiss, a Conservative solicitor in Cambridge, procured the parchment at that time required for parliamentary petitions, and Warwicker, the glover in Trinity Street, undertook to sew together the various sheets, remarking that he had often signed such things, but had never stitched one before. The last sheets were sent to him late at night, and he was to deliver them to the landlord of the Red Lion, to be given to me next morning, when

I was to take the petitions to London.. The coach started from the Red Lion at 6 A.M., and the landlord, in a dressing-gown and a most portentous white nightcap, brought me the important rolls of parchment. One I left at Mr. Goulburn's house, and the other I personally placed in the hands of the Duke of Gloucester, who presented it in the Lords the same evening, along with the petition from the Senate. The Commons' petition was presented in the next week, and in both Houses notice was taken of them in debate. In June the admission of dissenters was carried in the House of Commons by 321 votes to 140, but thrown out by the Lords in August by a majority of 102.

CHAPTER III

HOPKINS

THE Long Vacation of 1834 was chiefly passed at Cambridge, and I read mathematics with Hopkins, the great maker of senior wranglers of his day. This also was a mistake, as I should probably have done better on less ambitious lines. But it was a considerable thing to make the personal acquaintance of such a man as Hopkins, and I cannot forget all the kindness and attention received from him. I also indulged in a great deal of miscellaneous reading, getting the books for the most part from the college library, of which I always made large use. In the succeeding Michaelmas term I had the great advantage of reading classics with Edmund Lushington, and had my turn of declaiming in chapel, in company with Aldam (afterwards member for

Leeds) on Lord William Russell, when I am afraid that I did not properly resist the temptation of introducing some covert allusions to the politics of the day, prompted by the family name of my subject—enough, I should think, to have destroyed my chances of winning a cup, if, indeed, I otherwise had any.

In this term also I was elected a member of the Cambridge Conversazione Society, better known as the Apostles, not a name of its own choice, but given to it by the outer world from its numbers being limited to twelve. I was proposed by Stephen Spring Rice, one of the most gifted and charming of men, for whom I had a particular love and regard, as indeed had all those who came in contact with him, and who knew his generous and enthusiastic nature. He had a considerable vein of originality, and sometimes indulged in unconventional surprises; but he afterwards became a valuable public official at the Board of Customs, and his premature death in the lifetime of his father, Lord Monteagle, was a subject of universal regret. This Society has had more notice thrust upon it than its members ever sought for it, and this must be accounted for

by the distinctions in after life which happened to be acquired by so many of those who belonged to it. W. D. Christie communicated a paper to *Macmillan's Magazine* upon it. Notices of it are to be found in the present Lord Lytton's *Life of Julian Fane;* and Helps in his *Realmah* (published in 1868) has devoted to it several sentences. He has made Sir Arthur, one of the interlocutors in his dialogue, say:—"The best protest I ever knew made against worldly success was by a small society of young men at college. Their numbers were very few, and their mode of election was the most remarkable I have ever known. The vacancies were exceedingly rare —perhaps one or two in the course of the year —and the utmost care and study were bestowed on choosing the new members. Sometimes months were given to the consideration of a man's claim. Rank neither told for a man nor against him. The same with riches, the same with learning, and, what is more strange, the same with intellectual gifts of all kinds. The same, too, with goodness; nor even were the qualities that make a man agreeable any sure recommendation of him as a candidate. . . .

Our man was not to talk the talk of any clique; he was not to believe too much in any of his adventitious advantages, neither was he to disbelieve in them—for instance, to affect to be a radical because he was a lord. I confess I have no one word which will convey all that I mean; but I may tell you that, above all things, he was to be open-minded. When we voted for a man we generally summed up by saying, 'He has an apostolic spirit in him,' and by that we really meant a great deal. I remember ——, who is now a very great personage in the world, saying to me, 'In the course of one's chequered life one meets with many disgraces and contumelies, and also with several honours; but no honour ever affected me so much as being elected, as a youth, into that select body.'" Helps went on to add that "the choice made by these young men, though made without any view to future worldly pre-eminence, yet seemed to involve it, for a very large proportion of the men so selected have made their mark in the world; and some of the foremost men of the time belonged to that Society."

Among those, now deceased, whose subse-

quent careers justify the above remarks, Sir Arthur Helps may be named himself, F. D. Maurice, John Sterling, J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Charles and Arthur Buller, Trench (Archbishop of Dublin), Blakesley (Dean of Lincoln), Edward Horsman, Spedding, Arthur Hallam, Lord Houghton, Alford (Dean of Canterbury), Thompson (late Master of Trinity), Tom Taylor, W. K. Clifford, and F. Balfour. It was of this Society that Lord Tennyson wrote that they

> "held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
> And labour, and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land;"

and, in addition to *In Memoriam*, more than one of Tennyson's minor pieces is addressed to members of this Society.

There was no subject which might not be introduced for discussion, and no differences of opinion ever interfered with the affectionate friendship which prevailed among its members —and this was a friendship not confined to contemporaries, but extending backwards and forwards to all older and younger members. St. Augustine's description of the habits of

intercourse among his own associates in youth may be quoted as serving equally well for the so-called Apostles of Cambridge. He wrote (*Confessions*, iv. 8) that it was the way of his friends "to talk and laugh together with mutual concessions, together to read pleasant books, to jest and be solemn together, to dissent from one another sometimes, without offence, and as a man would do from himself, and by this disagreeing in some very few things to season and relish the more our consentment in the rest; to teach one another somewhat, or somewhat to learn; to expect those absent with impatience, and embrace their returns with joy." My own first essay read in the Society was on the question, "Is Useful Knowledge of any Use?"

We had among us for a short time a very clever young Scotsman, the son of a minister in Edinburgh, who was a sizar at Trinity. He found himself almost unavoidably owing more money than his father could pay for him, and was forced to announce his intention of leaving Cambridge. His debts really amounted to a small sum of money, and some of us quietly arranged among us for their payment, in the hope that when these liabilities were dis-

charged he might be enabled to stay with us. Spring Rice undertook to write to the father, and received a reply which appeared for the moment satisfactory; for we read on the first perusal, "Nothing remains for me but to *pay* for him," which seemed to secure all that was wanted. But on a more careful reading of the father's letter, it turned out that he had written, "Nothing remains for me but to *pray* for him," which did not amount to a promise to discharge future college bills, and our poor friend had no choice but to leave Cambridge.

In December of 1834 my father was appointed Attorney-General in Sir Robert Peel's administration, formed to take the place of that of Lord Melbourne, on the retirement of Lord Althorpe from the House of Commons to go as Lord Spencer to the Lords; and I went to Brighton with him, where he dined with William IV. and Queen Adelaide at the Pavilion, and was then and there knighted.

Acts and opponencies to be kept in the university schools were in my time still in existence, and, although shorn of all real significance, were necessary preliminaries to taking the B.A. degree. Early in 1835 I had to

oppose Colenso as the keeper of an act. The propositions he undertook to maintain were—

I. Rectè statuit Newtonus in tertiâ sua sectione lib. I.

II. Rectè statuit Hamiltonus in libro suo de sectionibus conicis.

III. Rectè statuit Paleius de ebrietate.

The two men thus pitted against each other used to meet beforehand to arrange their arguments, and usually in the evening at tea given in the rooms of the man keeping the act. Accordingly, I went to Colenso in St. John's College, and we rehearsed together our little farce. In the schools there was no audience except the few men who had to attend for a similar purpose. A moderator presided, and the act-keeper and opponent mounted a sort of rostrum in succession. A very good argument might provoke from the moderator an *optimè disputasti*, a fair one was dismissed with a *bene disputasti*, and *satis disputasti* was the meed of the unfortunate man who failed to play his part in the comedy with credit. I do not know when this survival of the practice of the universities in the Middle Ages was finally abolished.

This year I was elected a scholar of the college, along with Pirie, Philip Frere, Mansfield, Gambier, Walford, W. T. Turner, and T. Headlam of my own year. Soon after this I became a martyr to my veneration for the Rubrical Order of divine service, and for the Episcopal authority of the diocesan in college chapels. In one of my weeks of waiting I had to read the first lesson in chapel, and, looking it up before I went into the reading-desk, I found the appointed lesson for the day was the apocryphal chapter containing the story of Bel and the Dragon. But on turning to the place in the great Bible from which the lessons were read, I encountered a piece of paper pinned in, upon which was written by Thorpe, the senior dean, "Instead of this, read the first chapter of Isaiah." I had only a moment to consider whether I should obey the law of the land or the senior dean; but, as a loyal subject and churchman, I preferred to do the former, and read out Bel and the Dragon, with an occasional glance towards the senior dean's seat to see how Tommy Thorpe bore it. Of course I had an interview with him after chapel, and I am sorry to say he did not pay much attention to

the assertions made by me in defence of the entire rectitude of my conduct.

Upon one occasion, when Lord Campbell was a judge of assize at Warwick, the sheriff's chaplain read the prayer for the High Court of Parliament a day or two after a prorogation, of which he was unaware or oblivious. Campbell, from his seat, cried out, "You must not read that—Parliament is not sitting," and the poor man had to stop. Lord Overstone was the High Sheriff, and when Campbell became Lord Chancellor, he asked him for a living for his former chaplain, reminding him that he had been very forbearing in not prosecuting him for brawling in church. Thorpe was more scrupulous about interrupting the service than Lord Campbell was, for he did not stop me; but afterwards made me write out a certain number of lines from Virgil. I did not escape doing this imposition, as Henry Alworth Merewether once avoided the performance of one, by saying to Thorpe that he would wait upon him with it at the "Deanery"; for Thorpe was so much pleased by having his rooms so called that he replied, "Never mind it this time, Mr. Merewether." Charles Tindal, the son of the Chief

Justice, once paid a particular attention to Thorpe. Being aware that dogs were not allowed in college, he took to keeping cats, and named his greatest favourite Thorpe, in order to show his respect for the authorities. Thorpe, the cat, died and was buried, and an epitaph was written to be placed over his grave. It was much longer at first, but was gradually compressed into the couplet—

"Here lies the corpse
Was Thomas Thorpe's;"

and finally it was cut down to two words—

"Thorpe's
Corpse."

Thorpe was well-meaning and conscientious, but did not possess the good feeling and tact which enable some men to combine the maintenance of discipline with personal popularity. Peacock was of a very different quality: he was much liked by the men on his side, and was possessed of a sense of humour which tempered the strict exercise of his tutorial functions. This was well exhibited in a little incident of a dinner in my rooms. Arthur Helps, Mansfield, Charles Roupell, and myself had agreed, on short notice, to dine together quietly, each contributing, pic-

nic fashion, a share of the bill of fare. There was a rule that no undergraduate could have more than two dishes from the kitchen in his rooms without a tutor's order; but slight infractions of this regulation for a long time had been suffered to pass without notice. It had got, however, to be seriously infringed, and large dinners were in this way given without due permission. Helps, Mansfield, and Roupell had each ordered something to be sent to my rooms; but in the course of the day there came to the kitchen a peremptory order from the senior dean that all dishes must be taken to the rooms of the man who had ordered them. Consequently only my portion of the dinner was brought to my rooms, and the other portions were deposited in the New Court. Of course my gyp and bedmaker would not fetch them in defiance of the senior dean's order; but we were hungry, and something had to be done. Helps, in his quiet way, stayed in the Hostel to keep guard over so much of our intended meal as was already there; the others sallied forth to collect and bring in the remainder of the dinner. We found the dishes where they had been placed, in a cruel sort of practical irony, before the closed sporting doors

of the rooms of the men in whose names they had been ordered. We took them up and carried them off in triumph, I leading the procession, and bearing the dish of fish, across the New Court. Unluckily we encountered a bevy of dons coming out from dinner in hall, and were thus taken *flagrante delicto*. We were not, however, interfered with at the moment, and enjoyed our dinner none the less for the difficulties attending the collection of its *disjecta membra*. Next day, of course, there were tutorial interviews. Mansfield and Helps, like myself, were under Peacock, who treated the matter with a fine mixture of duty and amusement, saying, with the thumb of his right hand lodged, as usual, in the arm-hole of his coat, "It never would do if gentlemen were to be allowed for to carry their own dinners across the courts of the college;" and we were dismissed with an admonition. Roupell fared much worse with Whewell, who even threatened rustication. Two or three times in after years we celebrated an ichthyophoric festival by dining together on fish at Greenwich. In June took place the first dinner of the Cambridge Conversazione Society in London. It was on this occasion at the

Freemasons' Tavern, and has since become an annual affair, held for many years past at Richmond.

I was up at Cambridge again during the long vacation, and assisted at the installation of Marquess Camden as Chancellor, who succeeded the Duke of Gloucester in that office. My father and Sir William Follett attended it, and breakfasted with me. What I remember best is the sight of the Duke of Wellington as fast asleep as a baby in its cradle in the Senate House in the midst of all the cheers and noises which came from the undergraduates' galleries. It is not well to spend too much of the long vacation in college, as one does not come back to the life of full term so fresh as if from a different scene; but it was extremely pleasant. In those days there were no chapels to keep in the long vacation except on Sundays, and very few men stayed up, so that the time was an easy one, and one could enjoy the society of one's friends to great advantage. Archie Smith kept in rooms close to the great gateway, and at that time the little garden which had belonged to Sir Isaac Newton's rooms was enclosed by a wall, and not open, as now, to the street. It went

with the rooms then occupied by John Brown, the Vice-Master, but was easily accessible from Archie Smith's windows; and many a quiet little supper was eaten upon the grass in it, on those warm summer nights, in a clandestine but very innocent manner. A theatre at Barnwell used to be open during long vacation, and here I saw Charles Kemble for the first time. I am not altogether disposed to agree in the description which has been given of him as a first-rate second-rate actor, although Donne, who knew him well, and was a good dramatic critic, supported it. I do not think I have ever seen the lighter parts of *Hamlet* better rendered than they were by Charles Kemble, and this, too, at a time when his age and bulk somewhat disqualified him for being altogether a fit representative of the Prince of Denmark. The instructions to the players and the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and the recorders were excellent. In the part of his namesake in the *School for Scandal* he was quite at home, and he played it like a gentleman, without too boisterous a humour, or that excessive emphasis in word and gesture which is now so common. Charles Kemble should rather be described as

an actor who was first-rate in what he could do; and, as a matter of course, second-rate in what was beyond him.

Very soon after I was qualified for membership by having taken my degree of B.A. I was elected to the Oxford and Cambridge Club, then occupying the house in St. James's Square, at the corner of King Street, which had belonged to Lord Liverpool. I had many friends in it, and it was for long a useful and agreeable place of resort for me. I continued to belong to it for some time after I became a member of the Carlton and Athenæum, but ultimately was content with one club, the Athenæum, which provided me with all I wanted. In April 1836 I went to live in my father's chambers in the Temple, and began to read his cases and lay the foundation for some legal knowledge. In the spring of this year there was a Conservative banquet at the Lyceum Theatre, which is only worth mentioning to record the folly of the rank and file of the party at this time. Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, and most deservedly in the Queen's favour in return for all the wise and kind counsels given by him, and the Conservatives could find no better way

to resent this than by drinking the Queen's health after dinner with scant honour, while all the loyal enthusiasm of such an occasion was reserved for the toast of "Adelaide, the Queen-Dowager." Nothing could have been more absurd; one can understand a Leicester House party looking forward to the heir-apparent as their future king, and regarding him with more liking than the reigning monarch; but the retrospective adoption of the poor Queen-Dowager as a rallying point for loyalty was, in truth, both silly and disloyal. In the autumn of this year was made my first visit to Carstairs House—a place to which I always look back with fondness and gratitude for the many pleasant days spent in and around it.

The estate had been purchased and a very large new residence built by Henry Monteith, the father of my friend Robert. The house has been described by one who knew it well as

> "A stately structure, fair from wing to wing;
> On either hand the white and placid tow'rs,
> With turrets castellate, and cluster'd shafts."

Old Monteith had sat in the House of Commons for Glasgow, and was there known as Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and his house was a most hospit-

able one. It was here that Sir Robert Peel was entertained on his visit to Scotland to attend the great Conservative banquet held at Glasgow, at which he rallied the Conservative forces after the passing of the first Reform Bill. His reserve of manner and want of tact in making himself popular among younger men were well exemplified on this occasion. Robert Monteith was as fine a specimen of a desirable political follower, both personally and in position (for he had already contested an election), as could be imagined, and yet the only occasion on which Peel addressed any words specially to him, when a visitor in his father's house, was to beg him to show the way to the usual place of retreat after breakfast. Many people of more or less note would be generally found as guests at Carstairs, and the family group, including Lord Fullerton and his charming young wife and daughters, was an interesting one.

The ways of the house were old-fashioned. The dinner-table was always cleared of everything before the course of cheese, so that there was almost a second commencement of dinner; and when the ladies retired there was an adjournment to a horse-shoe table in a bay window in

summer or round the fire-place in winter. Fresh wine and glasses were put on, and the requisite materials for making whisky-toddy. Every one was expected to fill and empty his glass each time the bottle passed, and no wine was to be left unconsumed in the decanters. The claret was excellent; but sometimes this discipline was rather severe. It might be avoided by the alternative of declaring for whisky-toddy; but this required nice management, for if one's brew was finished too soon another had to be made, and this had to be finished also. Then came the final adjournment to the fine suite of drawing-rooms, and the making up of a whist-table for Mr. Monteith, and music and singing at the "stair-fit" in the long gallery, or dancing, or acted charades. In the grounds, but concealed by a thick growth of trees, there was a mausoleum erected by the former owner of the place, with the inscription—

"Cereri, Baccho, Veneri, Dîs Manibusque,"

which the country people not unnaturally used to speak of as a dedication to the devil; and in it he and some members of his family were buried. Also was laid in it a sort of companion

and factotum of the old laird's, who was said to have come out from Edinburgh with his portmanteau on an invitation for a two or three days' visit, but who spent the remainder of his life, and died, in the house. He was supposed to look after the farming, and one year when no corn came up it turned out that no seed had been sown. He sat in the best places, had all the best things, quarrelled with and contradicted every one, behaved as if he was the master of the house, and finally got to be an enormous nuisance. His name was Lawes, and when he died Harry Erskine proposed as his epitaph—Laus Deo.

From Carstairs I went to stay for a day or two in Edinburgh, and had the pleasure of dining with Lord Jeffrey at Craigcrook, when I remember that he especially recommended me to read Godwin's novel, *St. Leon.* Afterwards there was a little tour with Robert Monteith in the Highlands, then untouched by railways, in the course of which one saw Perth, Dunkeld, Killiecrankie, Glen Tilt, Taymouth, the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Stirling.

In 1837 Thompson was at Leicester for a time, holding a school mastership, and I paid

him a short visit there in the early part of the year. From the beginning of our acquaintance, when his courteous but genial kindness to one by four years his junior (and that is a great difference in early university life) made an ineffaceable impression on me, to the end of his life, as Master of Trinity, his friendship with me was a loyal and unbroken one. His character was noble and generous, and was little shown by the anecdotes of cynical sayings which were current of him during his latter years; but even these, if properly examined, will generally be found to have given witty utterance to some sense of duty. In London I find recorded a visit to the pit of the Olympic with Spedding and Tennyson, after having dined together at the Cock in Fleet Street. Macready was at this time acting at the Haymarket, where I saw him in *Richard the Third* and *The Bridal*, on nights as to which he has complained, in his diary, of his own inefficiency and failure to please himself. One of his audience at least did not agree with his own estimate of his performances. During the Huntingdon race-week in August, which was attended by the members for the borough, a

very handsome luncheon or early dinner was given by Lady Olivia Sparrow at her house at Brampton, which was full of every conceivable luxury. Now Lady Olivia was conspicuous in the religious world, and Colonel Peel, after going over the house, slyly remarked to her upon the comforts with which she was herself surrounded. "Yes," replied Lady Olivia, "there is the more to thank God for."

CHAPTER IV

CALL TO THE BAR

On 26th January 1838 I was called to the Bar, in Hilary Term, at the Inner Temple, having eaten many of my dinners in hall, to keep the number of requisite terms, during my residence at Cambridge; and joined the Northern Circuit at York for the ensuing Spring Assizes, going down outside the mail with Martin, in whose chambers I had spent a year as his pupil. The fare was £2, and the tips to guard and coachmen amounted to 10s. On the box seat, with the cushion turned up to prevent falling off if asleep during the night, and replaced by a thin one of inflated indiarubber cloth, it was not bad travelling. It was easy to keep warm in cold weather, and the great enemies to comfort were rain and dust, against which no complete protection was possible. There

was the often-recurring change of horses to break the monotony of the road, a great deal of which, however, ran through fine country; and at night it was interesting to dash through sleeping towns and villages, with the occasional amusement of stopping for a moment, while some queer figure in strange night-gear, roused by the blowing of the guard's horn, would open a window to receive and lower down mail-bags by a string. There was some sense of adventure in being awake and rapidly travelling while all the rest of the world was in bed, brought home to one by contrast in a way that does not now present itself in a night journey by rail. The mail left the General Post Office at 7.30 P.M. and reached York about 4 o'clock the next afternoon, giving one time to dress and repair to the Circuit mess at Etridge's tavern by five o'clock, which was the dinner hour. There was always plenty of time for some sort of wash and a good breakfast at Grantham. It was here that a little incident once occurred, or was invented, between an old pleader and a waiter of the inn, to understand the point of which it must be remembered that, by the rules of pleading, apparent certainty was

required, but that times, places, numbers, and things mentioned need not correspond with the actual matters to be proved in evidence. In a count in Trover, for instance, a single penknife might be described as "ten knives, ten handles, ten blades," and for greater supposed security, as "ten other knives," one only being really intended, and so forth. Mr. George—for that was his name—gave the waiter his overcoat to take care of during breakfast, and a piece of silver money with it. When the coach was starting George called for his coat; the waiter appeared, but denied all knowledge of it. "Why," said George, "I gave you a shilling to take care of it."—"No," said the man, "you only gave me sixpence."—"Don't traverse the sum," cried the old pleader; "it's not material" —the delight in his art triumphing over his rage, and making him forget how little the waiter would appreciate the spirit in which his "reply" was conceived.

Another story, also about a greatcoat, belongs to the days when men used to join the Circuit by coach. On a certain cold night in March, Thomas Flower Ellis, the reporter in the series of Adolphus and Ellis, and the inti-

mate friend of Macaulay, was inside the coach, together with Macaulay and two others. Outside was sitting an excellent but peculiar man, well known for his great university distinctions at Cambridge as second wrangler and first chancellor's medallist, translator and digammist editor of Homer, and an eminent chess-player, but also celebrated for a love of contradiction, of which other instances used to be told. One was that, when on a Revising Barristers' Circuit with two colleagues, as would happen under the system in force during the few years after the first Reform Act, the others got rather tired of his habit of taking exception and opposing all that was said, and especially in the matter of how a pudding should be helped, whether with a knife or with a spoon. Every day (and the three men would probably be dining together for three weeks or a month), if one of them took the knife to help the pudding, B—— would say, "Why don't you take the spoon?" and if the spoon was used he would say, "You ought to take the knife." At last the other two, when alone together, hit upon a little scheme to disconcert him; and when the usual pudding was placed on the table they asked, so as to be

beforehand with him, "Now, B——, shall it be the knife or the spoon?" Alas for their sagacity, they had not foreseen the resources of his prevarication, or thought of the possible *tertium quid*, for the answer at once came, "I think you had better take the fork." Returning, however, to the York coach, after giving this instance of B——'s ways, the men inside resolved to try an experiment upon him, and a bet was made among them that, notwithstanding the severe and bad weather outside, he could be made to take off his greatcoat. The conspirators began by putting their heads out the windows and asking if it was not very cold, and getting for reply, "Not at all." After an interval they said it must be getting colder, and offered B—— an extra coat to put on, as it was not wanted inside, which was declined. Again the offer was repeated, when B—— said he was just going to ask them if they could find room for his greatcoat inside as it made him too hot, and this was accepted as a sufficient determination of the wager.

Martin seemed to know all the coachmen, and when day broke and he could see the teams, showed his acquaintance with the horses,

and asked after some that he recollected and which did not appear. In Yorkshire, where there were sometimes paddocks with racing horses or foals in them, which could be seen from the road, he would often name them or their owners, and was generally right.

Fortunately for me, when proposed as a member of the Circuit Bar Mess, it turned out that my call was the latest as compared with those of the other men who were joining at the same time, and I accordingly became the junior for the following Summer Circuit. I say fortunately, because the being junior obliged one to become personally and officially acquainted with every man on circuit; and if one eschewed invitations to dinner in the towns, and took one's place regularly at the bottom of the Circuit table, and attended to the duties of the office, it was thought well of, and went to one's credit. At this time the leaders of the Circuit were Sergeant Atcherly, but with few briefs at this time, Cresswell, and Alexander, the latter of whom afterwards succumbed under the pressure of heavy and responsible work, and the want of legal knowledge and of physical and intellectual stamina to contend with

adversaries of greater power and calibre. He was the son of an attorney in one of the Yorkshire towns, and his natural quickness, vivacity, and thorough attention to his work for a long time enabled him to increase the advantages of his early start. His briefs were always read and noted up with extraordinary industry and neatness. I have had them in my hands when asked by him to take a note of evidence during his own absence from court, and no junior on his promotion could have done more in this way than used to be done by Alexander when in the full swing of leading business. Cresswell, I suppose, personally disliked and despised him; but allowed himself to be fretted by his constant antagonism to him in court, and sometimes would give him the advantage of losing his own temper. If he had taken things easier, and had duly appreciated the value of being pitted against an inferior opponent, and had, in fact, rather nursed and encouraged him than aggravated the weaknesses which ultimately drove him away, it would have been better for himself. For when Alexander disappeared Martin very rapidly took his place, and his sound law, vigorous common sense, general

ability, and freedom from all affectation, brought Cresswell face to face with a very different kind of habitual antagonist. In the second ranks of business came Starkie, author of the valuable work on *Evidence*, which for long held the field as the standard text-book on the subject, and Downing Professor of Law at Cambridge; Wightman, afterwards counsel to the Treasury and a judge in the Queen's Bench; Tomlinson, an eminent special pleader; Wortley, afterwards Solicitor-General, Judge Advocate, and Recorder of London; Dundas, afterwards Sir David, and also Solicitor-General and Judge Advocate—but the business of these two at this time lay chiefly in the Crown Court, and was fed by their practice at the West Riding Sessions. In the second rank, too, there were Joseph Addison, a pleader; Baines, of Leeds, afterwards in Parliament and in high political office, a man who commanded universal respect; and Watson, known as the General, who had been in the army, and was present at the battle of Waterloo, and who subsequently sat as a Baron in the Court of Exchequer. After these came, with others, that fine but peculiar specimen of an English gentleman, Robert Hildyard, one

of the many brothers of that name, all more or less well known. He was a real old Tory and violent politician, who did not conceal his opinions, and his voice was always to be heard raving in the robing-room. His soubriquet in Grand Court was Frantic Hildyard. He sat afterwards in the House of Commons for Whitehaven, retiring from a large practice at the parliamentary bar. His character was a mixture of strength and gentleness; he was a devoted friend, as was most seen in his attachment to W. M. Praed, and perhaps may be best described by a comparison to Goldsmith's Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield.* Then there was Cottingham, afterwards a Police Magistrate, as was Henry, a perfect Irish gentleman of the best type, who presided so long at Bow Street as Sir Thomas, and died before his time of a cold caught on the race-course at Epsom while in the discharge of his duties. Sir Gregory Lewin, too, must not be forgotten—who once had more briefs at York than any one else—Gregory the Great of the famous Gregorian Court in the indictment against Feargus O'Connor and others, which saved them from the consequences of their con-

viction at Lancaster for conspiracy in 1843. Sir Gregory was also the author of *Lewin's Crown Cases*—two little volumes containing much more amusing matter than any other law-book. The marginal notes are amazing, such as "Hay may be stolen in any county;" "Possession in Scotland is evidence of stealing in England." Macaulay was very fond of these reports, and would go to Ellis's chambers in the Temple for the sake of reading in them and enjoying them with him. Among the men in the best sort of business the names of Cowling and Martin must not be omitted. Cowling had been a senior wrangler, and was afterwards talked of as likely to be made a judge, but died in middle life. Martin afterwards, and previously to his becoming a Baron of the Exchequer, sat in the House of Commons, as a staunch Whig, for the borough of Pontefract, and was a devoted friend of George Byng, afterwards Earl of Strafford, and for so long member for Middlesex. Martin was not good at English composition, although some of his written judgments were excellent; and when I was in his chambers it fell to me, all Conservative as I was, to "draw" not only pleadings, but elec-

tion addresses which Martin had been requested to prepare for Mr. Byng.

Of the men I have mentioned, the leaders used to be fined three gallons of wine each, commuted for three guineas, at the Grand Courts of the Circuit, and the others two and one respectively.

Adolphus and Ellis, the twin reporters, were among the most noteworthy men on circuit. The former was an Oxford man, of St. John's College, a good scholar, and of great literary accomplishment. His letters to Mr. Heber on the authorship of the Waverley novels abound in fine criticism, and procured for him the notice and friendship of Sir Walter Scott, as may be seen in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, which contains an account of a visit to Abbotsford written by Adolphus. His contributions to the fun of Grand Court, when its Attorney-General, were admirable specimens of delicate humour. "The Circuiteers: an Eclogue" has twice appeared in print, once in *Notes and Queries*, and again in 1885, when I supplied a copy of it, with short explanatory notes, to my son, the Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, for the *Law Quarterly Review*, edited

by him. Adolphus had a nervous manner, was of a very modest and retiring nature, and made no way in the contentious paths of the bar, and was ultimately appointed a county court judge. It was he, too, who in Grand Court invented the names of Fidelia Fanny and Caleb Samuel for the twins of an eminent pleader, in order that they might be affectionately called by the abbreviations of Fi. Fa. and Ca. Sa., and who wrote for their especial use the nursery rhyme—

"Heigh ho! Richard Roe!
Why did you break the closes so,
Which the bishop demised to poor John Doe?
Good Mr. Doe had done you no harm
When you ejected him out of his farm;
Fie on you, naughty Richard Roe,
How could you break the closes so?"

The writ of Ca. Sa. is now, thanks to sensible and humane legislation, almost forgotten; and so is the action of ejectment, with its fictitious parties, although in its time it was itself an immense feature in law reform, as a substitute for the ancient forms of real action for the recovery of land.

Ellis had one of the quickest and keenest intellects that can be imagined, combined with

a strong sense of humour, but his mind worked too rapidly to be easily followed by most people; he had little sympathy with the ways and tastes of ordinary men, and no jury could possibly have lent willing ears to what he addressed to them. He had been a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was full of the associations of his university life. He was a delightful companion to those whom he liked and who felt at their ease with him. It will be seen that he did not, with all his natural faculties and acquirements, possess the necessary elements for success at the bar, and the highest posts he attained were those of Attorney-General to the Duchy of Lancaster and Recorder of Leeds. I knew him from my boyhood, and can well remember the zeal for Brougham's reputation, and the discretion towards myself, with which he induced me to exchange a number of the Useful Knowledge series, which I used to buy out of my pocket money, for what he represented, and not untruly, to be an improved copy. It was the treatise on *Hydrostatics* by Brougham, in the first issue of which the strange mistake of confusing the weight and pressure of water,

23049

confirmed by a diagram, in explaining the hydrostatic paradox, had been allowed to go to press without correction. It was speedily discovered and set right, and Ellis, as a member of the Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, was bound to do all he could to suppress and withdraw the number containing this absurd blunder. With me, at the time, it was a case of new lamps for old, and I readily gave up what was asked of me. Years afterwards I was glad to be able to buy a set in which the treatise as it originally stood was bound up. Of those who joined the Circuit in my time, and of whom I have the pleasantest recollections, must be named Brett (now Lord Esher), Adolphus Liddell (so long permanent Under-Secretary at the Home Office), Gathorne Hardy (now Lord Cranbrook), Manisty, Richard Denman, and Sir Francis Doyle. Brett and Liddell were the last of those who used to call me "Fred."

The good offices of Coleman, my father's clerk, had bespoken lodgings in York for me, in the house of Barclay, a hatter, in Coney Street, my expenses for which I see amounted to £6 : 16 : 5. They were not so good as

those which I occupied subsequently in the same street in the fine house once occupied by Sinclair, who was Recorder of York, which is now pulled down. It was a good specimen of a town house of moderate size, probably of the middle of the seventeenth century, having a roomy staircase with massive carved oak balusters and panels, and with heavily-decorated plaster ceilings in the principal rooms. Like the rest of the houses on the same side of Coney Street, there was a garden at the back, running down to the Ouse, with a little terrace and summer-house overlooking the river, in which, no doubt, many a bowl of punch had been drained and many a cool pipe had been smoked in former times. Old friends in the city came forward with their hospitable invitations—Tweedy, Wilsons, and Oldfields, Belcombes and Pickards, and now were added the Cromptons, the excellent ladies of that name who lived in the great house in Micklegate, and one of whom had married Sir William Herries, with whom I was afterwards to become connected. Hudson, the Railway King, was in the full blaze of his greatness, and, not for the only time, was this

year Lord Mayor of York, and doing the honours of his Mansion House very handsomely—a man who, as it always has seemed to me, was more sinned against than sinning, and who, on the whole, bore himself fairly well among the temptations of an unprecedented kind which surrounded him. He was said to have never forgotten an old friend in his prosperity, and was ever loyal to the interests of his own city in the exercise of the enormous railway influence at one time possessed by him. Now, too, for the first time I dined with the judges at their lodgings in the street called Lendal, with the rest of the bar, and took part in the old-fashioned custom of tipping the servants by dinner guests, which then still survived on these occasions. As one left the house an asking hand was extended on each side, and a shilling was duly deposited in the expectant palm of each judge's butler. This custom, so repugnant to modern notions, lingered for some time at private houses in Ireland. The judges' dinner to the bar used to be profanely called the two-shilling ordinary.

I had one brief at York as junior in a prosecution for stealing in a shop, R. *v.* Boyne,

given to me by Tolson of Bradford, who was said to be fond of laying the foundation for being able to say that he had given his first brief to a man who became afterwards prominent in the profession—a satisfaction which he failed to reap in my case. My leader was Ashmore,—famous for his knowledge of the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, and specially of the battle of Waterloo,—a most kind and courteous gentleman, under whose wing I made my first appearance. The fee on my brief was two guineas, and it was the simplest and plainest of all possible cases. It fell to me, of course, to examine the first witness. I knew my brief by heart, but got up in the greatest funk to do my duty. The court swam round me, I did not know what questions I asked, or what answers came from the witness-box, and sat down thinking it was all over with me, and wishing the floor would open to let me disappear as completely and quickly as possible. At the close of the case a little scrap of paper, two inches square, was passed to me in the cleft of the crier's white wand, and, to my vast surprise and pleasure, I read a note from Dundas, which said, "You examined your

witnesses quite like an old and experienced hand, reminding us of your sire—

O patre Pollock,
Filius Pollockior."

Coleridge was the judge, to whose summings-up to the jury it was always a pleasure to listen. He had much knowledge of character, and a delicate appreciation of human motives and feelings, combined with great humanity and extreme courtesy of manner. He always used a good English style, with plain but well-turned sentences and well-chosen words. I may here remark that, although always living so much among lawyers, as a boy at home, as a law student, and afterwards for eight years at the bar, I do not remember ever having received any hint or instruction upon the management of the voice when using it in public, either from my father or any one else. It was not until after I had left the bar, and when I went to give a lecture, on Macready's request, at Sherborne, that I got from him some advice on the subject, from which I have greatly profited on the few occasions when I have had to lift up my voice on any public occasion. Macready's precepts were very simple, and there were only

two of them. Always take care to keep the lungs full of air, so that the words uttered will be heard to the end, and the voice not dropped for want of power to sustain it, as the notes of an organ would fail if the working of the bellows were neglected; and for this purpose convenient places must be taken for replenishing the lungs while speaking. Macready himself, in the readings he gave after he left the stage, always, in his extreme pains to secure success, marked the places in the book from which he read where the breath should be taken. The other thing to be observed was, always to address the most remote of your auditors. If heard by them, the rest would be sure to hear.

I did not stay in York for the whole fortnight of these assizes, but left it to pass a couple of days at Mr. Gascoigne's at Parlington, near Aberford, and another at Mr. Yorke's at Wighill Park, proceeding to Lancaster by way of Leeds and Manchester, and having to sleep a night in the latter place. I posted to Wigan with Ramshay and Woronzow Greig,—the son of Mrs. Somerville, and afterwards Clerk of the Peace for Surrey,—and from Wigan the railroad was open to Liverpool.

This was the last place on the circuit—the four northern counties being taken before York in the spring—and as yet Manchester was not an assize town, nor was it made one during my circuiteering days. At Liverpool I had no business of any kind, and at this time had no friends in the place, which made one feel strange after all the hospitalities and old associations of York, and I only remained for a week. Acquaintance was made, however, with several faces not to be seen, or, if seen, not in equal prominence at York. There were the two Peels, Laurence and Jonathan, the former afterwards Chief Justice at Calcutta, and the latter of whom gave up the circuit, having for many years left the bar and become a country gentleman. There was Raincock the omniscient, a resident in Liverpool, who was ready with information on every conceivable branch of human knowledge—an eccentric but really learned person, whose monument may be seen in the church at Bowness; the two Hendersons, Gilbert and John, the former of whom was subsequently Recorder of Liverpool; Brandt; the famous Dr. Brown, who had the credit of not being sufficiently attentive to the ablutions

of his person and linen; Hulton, afterwards a well-known man in Lancashire; Frederick Robinson, who was universally esteemed and liked, and who had an enormous amount of reference business as a trusted and favourite arbitrator. When leaders were agreeing to refer a case, and, looking over the back rows of expectant juniors, would say, "Perhaps some gentleman at the bar will have the goodness to look into the matter out of court," Robinson was generally the person in their minds. Others not already named were common to both sides of the circuit. Cleasby, afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer; Armstrong; and Whigham, of whom an amusing story used to be told. He was defending a prisoner, and opened an *alibi* in his address to the jury, undertaking to prove it by calling the person who had been in bed with him at the time in question, and deprecating their evil opinion of a woman whose moral character was clearly open to grave reproach, but who was still entitled to be believed when upon her oath. Then he called "Jessie Crabtree." The name was as usual repeated by the crier, and there came pushing his way sturdily through the crowd a big Lancashire lad in his

rough dress, who had been the prisoner's veritable bedfellow—Whigham's brief not having explained to him that the Christian name of his witness was, in this case, a male one. Archibald of the "Practice" was still on circuit; and Hogg, the early friend of Shelley; and Ingham, now Sir James, who still presides so well as Chief Magistrate in Bow Street; Charles Crompton, —craftiest of pleaders,—afterwards a judge in the Queen's Bench; Segar, Recorder of Wigan; Rushton, called by Cobbett "Roaring Rushton," a name which, of course, stuck to him in Grand Court—a man with a remarkable and touching history; Grainger, a reporter and great authority in Crown Law; and old Venables; and more than I can recall.

On leaving Liverpool I paid a short visit to an uncle who was then in command of the Royal Engineers at Manchester, and from thence returned to London by the fast Manchester Defiance, and had one of those not unamusing adventures which were possible in the days of road-travelling. It was a night journey in the first week of April, and all went well until some rain fell and froze on the ground, forming what the French call *verglas*, and turn-

ing the road into a dangerous and slippery sheet of ice. The horses could not keep their feet, and the guard and coachman had to get down and lead them. In this way the coach proceeded, at a snail's pace, for a mile or two to the next place for changing horses. This contained nothing but a small public-house, the stables for the horses belonging to the coach, and a smith's forge. There was no resource except to get the horses' shoes roughed; it was now about two o'clock in the morning, the smith lived at a little distance, and the guard, with a heavy heart, trudged off to fetch him. The other passengers all crept into the only room in the public-house and cowered round the fire. It struck me that very likely the key of the forge was kept there; and so it was. I got hold of it, found a stable-boy, went to the forge, got it open, and with one of my cigar-lighters kindled a fire, and set the boy to blow it with the big bellows attached to the forge. The lighters, as I remember, were those in use at the time, in which a small globule of glass containing a strong acid was enclosed in a twisted paper match, charged with chlorate of potass, and they were ignited by crushing the end of the match.

They served their purpose well enough, but were expensive, and were soon superseded by the friction matches now in universal use. At the end of a few minutes the fire in the forge was roaring at a white heat, and the whole place was ruddy with the cheerful blaze. I never saw such an expression of surprise and delight as there was upon the guard's face when he came back with the smith, and found everything ready for him to go to work. It was so much time saved out of what had been lost by the frozen road, and the story was told by the guard at every stopping-place all the way to London, with special mention of "the gentleman outside who," etc. etc. Indeed, his gratitude and admiration made him at first refuse to take the usual tip from me at the end of the journey.

In London Macready was acting at Covent Garden during his own management, and there was the delight of seeing him in *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, *Lear*, *Henry VIII.*, *William Tell*, and in the *Lady of Lyons*, produced in this year, and with the principal parts filled by himself and Helen Faucit, as they never have since been presented. This, together with Bulwer's other plays, *Richelieu* and *Money*, are among the

very few which keep their place on the stage, and chiefly in consequence of the author's good sense in giving way to the experienced advice of the actor upon all points of stage effect. Then there was Power to be seen at his best at the Haymarket, and Templars did not disdain to sit upon the narrow and uncomfortable benches of the pit at the Olympic to see Farren and Liston and Vestris and many another good performer in the charming light pieces which used to be played there before the days of legs, breakdown dances, and coarse burlesques. The *Matrimonio Segreto* was to be heard at Her Majesty's Theatre, with that wonderful cast which included Lablache, Malibran, Rubini, and Tamburini; and Taglioni was dancing, to see whom I have stood for a whole evening. There has been nothing since like her natural grace and reserved power. There were Milnes's breakfasts at his rooms in Pall Mall, and his "Young England" evenings to go to, where one might meet Gladstone, Alfred Tennyson, Kinglake, Spedding, Alexander Ellice (too soon removed from the scene), Thirlwall, and Carlyle. At the dinners of the Sterling Club, or elsewhere, there were to be seen Brookfield, Spedding, Douglas Heath, W.

D. Christie, Whewell, Hallam, Alison, Augustus Stafford (who had not then dropped his O'Brien), Edward Fitzgerald, Rio, Acland (now Sir Thomas), Kenneth Macaulay, Benedict, L. Chapman, Boxall, Professor Malden, Copley Fielding, Colville (afterwards Sir James), E. Twisleton, Edmund Lushington, George Cornewall Lewis (not then Sir George), and Charles Romilly.

The year 1838 was that of the Queen's coronation, which was loyally celebrated by Spedding, Edward Fitzgerald, Douglas Heath, and myself at Kitlands, close to Leith Hill, in Surrey, where Serjeant Heath had built a charming house and laid out some lovely grounds. We went down the evening before, and in the early afternoon of the 28th June, a beautiful warm day, we four were assembled on the edges of a long open bath, which lay in the garden surrounded by thick bushes—a most tempting spot for the purpose. As the hour of the placing of the crown on the Queen's head in Westminster Abbey approached, we made ready for the plunge, and when the sound of the distant salutes of cannon reached us we all took headers into the water, and swam about singing "God save the Queen."

Edward Fitzgerald became afterwards distinguished as the author of the beautiful paraphrase from the Persian of Omar Khayyám, and of the translation from the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which give him a high place among English poets. He was a man of a generous temper, a refined mind, and of a peculiar humour, but was personally little known in his lifetime, except by a small number of intimate friends.

CHAPTER V

JUSTICE JOHN WILLIAMS

JOHN WILLIAMS went the Northern Circuit for the first time as judge of assize in the summer of 1838, and, as was then usual, previously entertained a large party of the bar of his old circuit at dinner at his house in London—a residence of which he used to say, "I live in Grosvenor Square; but I am d—d if I know where the other judges live"—being one of the last of those in his position who occasionally garnished their conversation with somewhat profane expletives. It was then quite possible to give a dinner in a good private house to at least the best-known members of the bar of a circuit. In later years the largely-increased numbers rendered it out of the question for judges to think of continuing this pleasant and friendly custom. Williams was married, but Lady Williams and

himself had their separate sets of friends and acquaintances—his chiefly legal, hers chiefly fashionable; and they gave separate entertainments accordingly. It was the coronation year, and a certain French nobleman in the suite of Marshal Soult, who came over to represent Louis Philippe, the King of the French, was in London on the occasion, and he had been asked to dinner by Lady Williams. By some mistake he made his appearance as a guest of the judge's at the Northern Circuit dinner. Williams could speak no French, nor, so far as could be seen, were any of the company able to converse with ease in it. But the best had to be made of the affair. The duke occupied the seat on the right of the judge, which otherwise would have been filled by Cresswell, as leader of the circuit; I, as junior, sat at the bottom of the table. Of course this incident was turned to good account by Adolphus, who was the Circuit Attorney-General at the next Grand Court at York. Alexander, whose foible was not that of retiring modesty, was represented as having introduced himself to the duke, and saying, "Je suis Monsieur Alexandre," and the bewildered guest as replying, "Ah! oui, ventriloque celèbre"—a ventrilo-

quist of that name being then performing in London. At last, and after many other equally unsuccessful attempts to promote conversation, Wightman was supposed to have bethought himself of the store of Norman law French accumulated by him in his study of the old Year Books, and, taking courage, to have addressed the duke with "Nota que ceo est meason de Williams Justice; il done feed als apprentices del Northern Circuit; peradventure vous estes nemy invite."

At York in July I duly assumed the office of Junior for the Summer Assizes, and never missed dining at the Bar Mess at Etridge's, going every day a quarter of an hour before the dinner hour to open the cellar reserved for us, and put out the wine for the day. The consumption was moderate enough. On Grand Night, when every one was bound to attend, ninety-three bottles were consumed by eighty-one men, at the average cost of 3s. 3d. a bottle. There were sherry, port, Madeira, claret, and hock; but the two last-named wines constituted two-thirds of all that was drunk on this especially festive occasion. Champagne was a luxury at that time unknown. Every man on joining at York had to pay seven guineas as his subscrip-

tion to the York Circuit Wine Fund, which was admirably managed by Kaye (father of the present Master Kaye), who held the important office of Wine Treasurer. Samuel Warren, and his friend Surtees, who figures as Q in his paper in *Blackwood's Magazine* called "My First Circuit;" and Roebuck, with three others, paid it on joining at York in 1838. The wine drunk during dinner, up to the time of calling for the bill, was paid for by the men dining, and the cost of the small quantity of wine consumed after the bill was called for was defrayed out of the Circuit purse, which was replenished by subscriptions and by the fines levied at Grand and other circuit courts. The share of the dinner bill for each man was generally about 9s. at York, and rather more on Grand Night, although all the wine was on that occasion paid for out of the Circuit purse, from which also was always made up the small indivisible fraction, if any, of the dinner bill. Corkage money on the number of bottles opened was paid to the tavern. At other circuit towns the wine was provided by the inn at which the circuit mess was held. The fines were imposed arbitrarily for supposed offences

or subjects of congratulation, and regularly for such matters as absences from previous assizes, appointments as recorders, revising barristers, etc., for wives brought to the assize town, births of sons and heirs, the acquisition of the right to carry the barristers' red bag, which could only be granted by a leader of the circuit, and involved the payment of a guinea to his clerk, which included the price of the bag. No one can have grudged these fines, as they meant for the most part getting into business and receiving good things.

On taking my place for the first time as Junior at the bottom of the circuit mess table I found Warren and his friend Q sitting close to me. Warren was then in the early enjoyment of his well-deserved literary reputation as the author of the *Diary of a Late Physician*, and was fully conscious of that and all other claims to notice and recognition. He was a thoroughly good-natured person, always ready to join in the laugh against himself, and indeed to repeat things which most people would have been contented to let alone. He was an admirable mimic and fond of displaying his accomplishments in that line, which

made him acceptable as a very amusing companion; but he lived at that time in an atmosphere of touchy self-esteem and vanity, the influences of which not unfrequently made themselves felt. On this occasion, as a certain ancient and formal waiter was slowly going round the table at the end of dinner and collecting the dinner money from the men in order as they sat, Dundas left his seat to go away, and in passing me said, "Please pay for me now; I have to attend an early consultation, and that ridiculous person will not come out of his regular course to take my money." No sooner had Dundas left the room than Warren said to me, "Did Mr. Dundas call me a ridiculous person?" I made some hasty answer, less cautious perhaps than it might have been, being still engaged over the dinner bill, to some such effect as that he could hear what had been said as well as myself; and presently we all came away, for I seldom stayed at table myself after the bill was called and paid. Next morning Dundas told me that he had received a visit at his lodgings from Q, as the bearer of a message from his friend Mr. Warren to demand an explanation of what he was sup-

posed to have said of him just before leaving the dinner-room. Dundas experienced some difficulty in making out what the supposed offence was; but having done so, had none in disclaiming any intention to affront a gentleman with whom he was not personally acquainted, but of whose fame and abilities he was well aware, and so forth—all, no doubt, expressed in the courteous words and manner which belonged to himself. Upon this Q at once said that after what had been explained, he had to state that he was now perfectly satisfied, as representing his friend Mr. Warren; but (as a climax of absurdity) he added, "It remains for me to ask, in my own name, whether your words in leaving the room were intended to apply to me;" to which Dundas, in perfect astonishment, found no words to reply, except "Sir, until this moment I did not know that there was *in rerum naturâ* such a person as yourself;" and so the incident closed.

On Grand Night, in addition to the fun made out of John Williams's dinner in Grosvenor Square, the great event of the year naturally furnished the principal topics for condolences and congratulations. Various members of cir-

cuit were supposed to have sent in claims to the Lord Great Chamberlain to perform feudal services at the coronation. One of the best was that invented for Dr. Brown (already mentioned), who claimed to do suit and service for the manor of Little Washington, held by the tenure of handing to the king a clean shirt, receiving the dirty one in return, and wearing it—a thing really not much more absurd than many of those that are recorded in the books on Jocular Tenures.

I returned to London from York, and did not go to the northern assize towns, nor did I afterwards do so during the eight years I went on circuit, except on one occasion when I had business I knew of at Durham and Newcastle, but rejoined the circuit at Liverpool.

The London and North-Western Railway was now open as far as Rugby. In July I went by it in the good company of Adolphus, and we slept at Rugby, performing the remainder of the journey to the Summer Assizes at Liverpool by coach on the old road, *viâ* Birmingham, the next day. The first-class fare to Rugby then was, together with small incidentals, £1 : 4s. It is now only 12s. 9d. At Liverpool there

was a subscription every assizes of one guinea to maintain a dinner fund for the bar mess, then held at Radley's Adelphi Hotel, to which 105 men contributed in the summer of 1838. There were many distractions from Radley's, in the shape of invitations in the town or in dinners at Egremont, Woodside, Rockferry, Birkenhead, or New Brighton, and one or two other similar resorts—all of them then small places, with little hostelries, where three or four men could dine pleasantly together; and some inducement was found necessary in order to keep the circuit mess together in fair numbers.

On Grand Night a singular scene took place. Roebuck, when the door of the room was about to be locked in the usual manner by the Messenger of the Court, proclamation of which had been duly made, stood up and made a speech announcing his intention of not remaining to assist in what he called the obsolete fooling of the occasion. He declared that it was only necessary for one man to take courage, as he was doing, to denounce it, and that all sensible men would be glad to follow him, and the unworthy institution of Grand Court would at once come to an end.

Roebuck was at this time a well-known man, and he was listened to for a minute or two, but his voice was soon drowned by the frantic cries and general noise which ensued. He went on, however, addressing me, who as junior on that night was the nominal president, with unabated self-confidence and audacity, and ultimately, as he could not be prevented from doing it without using physical force, he left the room. On the next circuit, however, he came to Grand Night, and remained quietly without any protest or remark. It was supposed that Brougham had talked to him about it in the meantime, and that he had seen his way to conforming to that in which so many generations of his elders and betters had taken part. I remember once sitting next him at dinner at Radley's, when he rather startled and amused me by first upholding the virtue of political assassination, and then wishing that instead of all the formal apparatus of long meals, a door could be opened in one's side and sufficient nutriment placed in the stomach to last for twenty-four hours. No doubt he lived to alter both these opinions. He became *mitior et melior* as he grew older, and the last time I

spoke to him was at a city company's dinner at Skinners' Hall, which he seemed to enjoy, not very long before his death.

Coming home one evening rather late to my lodgings in Slater Street, to my great amazement I found a thick brief on my table, with a fee marked of four guineas and a consultation, for the defence in a case of murder which was fixed to come on the first thing the next morning. The explanation of this was that Wilkins was to defend the prisoner, and had desired to have some one with him, and I was the only man on circuit at Liverpool who was his junior. I sat up and read the brief, and the consultation took place at the old Sessions Court House, where the Assize Courts were then held, close to the Exchange, before we went into Court. Of course all that I had to do was to take a note of the evidence, attend to all that passed, and remind Wilkins of anything that had escaped him, and we got on very well together. It was a dead case against our man, but it lasted all day. Wilkins did all that was possible for him to do, and when the jury came in with a verdict of guilty, I did not feel that I had had any very great responsibility in the matter.

Wilkins had some great qualifications for forensic success. He had a rich and sonorous voice, which he used with due knowledge of how to give its best and appropriate effects. He knew Shakespeare well, and had at his command a large store of good English words, and his sentences were always simple and well turned. Before coming to the Bar his life had been a broken one. It was said that he had been in more than one business, and that he had tried the stage as a profession without success. His first piece of good fortune was his engagement by Serjeant Wilde as a canvasser and mob orator for the Newark elections, where he was fighting the local influence of the Duke of Newcastle. Wilkins did good service on these occasions, and was advised to get called to the Bar. I cannot pretend to be able to follow his career, but up to a certain point it was not wanting in success. He was probably the best defender of a prisoner of his time, and for many years was a prominent man, becoming a Serjeant-at-Law when he wanted precedence. His income could never have been a large or steady one, and all he had he spent, so that when business left him and he was overtaken

by ill-health he had to depend in his latter days upon the assistance of his friends. He was capital company in a certain way, and could tell stories, not always fitted for the ears of priests and virgins, with irresistible humour. For some little time after I joined the circuit the conversation at the circuit-table, and when little knots of men were gathered in the robing-rooms, was excellent, and presented a good specimen of the usual talk of educated gentlemen, with all the additional advantages afforded by professional knowledge, and the extended acquaintance with men and things which is inseparable from it. But Wilkins and another learned serjeant, also a proficient in the telling of broad and amusing stories, did much to spoil all this and to corrupt and debase the general tone of talk, and unfortunately it did not recover itself in my time.

Spedding joined me at Liverpool, and we left it together by the Glasgow mail, sleeping a night at Kendal, for his home in Cumberland. Spedding's father, the then owner of Mirehouse, on Bassenthwaite Lake, was a fine example of a North country gentleman, who farmed a great portion of his own estate. He was a strong Whig

in politics, but accustomed to think out matters for himself, of strong understanding and determined will, in whose hands his property was said to have been much increased in value, owing to his own judicious management of it. Mrs. Spedding, too, was a remarkable woman, and so was Mrs. Rhodes, my friend's aunt, who was one of the family. The hours were early, and there was a serious tea after dinner, at which appeared many varieties of bread and cakes, with divers jams and marmalades, and this was the great time for talk and the discussions in which the views of the younger generation were not always accepted without remark. It was for me a new and refreshing variety of life, and, shaking off all my sufficiently light legal cares, I thoroughly abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the fine scenery and of the hospitality and peculiar humours of my kind hosts. Every day there was some excursion, and if the mornings were spent at home, Spedding would stroll with me in the woods about the house, or boat idly on the lake, repeating from memory many of Tennyson's poems as yet not in print. At this time there was no railway open to the Lake district, and therefore no excursion trains and

no "trippers," so that the bloom had not been brushed from the sequestered charms of the country, and many old ways and fashions still lingered on. One day we went to dine with the well-known brothers Fisher, at Seatoller in Borrowdale, at an old-fashioned house full of comforts, including an abundant supply of books. There was a quaint and quiet garden with yew clipped hedges, and the water of a little burn, domesticated for the moment, which ran between rims of hewn stone. Inside there was at dinner all the charm to be derived from the mixture of old comfort and modern refinement, and a conversation in which the telling of interesting local stories and legends took the chief part. A pleasant fellow, George Muckle, who lived with a sister, I think, on Derwent Water, was with us—a sort of Cumbrian Will Wimble in his way. Another day we plunged again into Borrowdale, went over Sty Head, and slept at the Strands Inn, on Wastwater, enjoying a variety of such scenery as it would be difficult to match anywhere. Lodore and Skiddaw were of course not forgotten, and it was an especial delight for me to renew acquaintance with all

that I had seen as a boy when on circuit with my father.

After a fortnight spent in this agreeable manner I left by mail, *viâ* Penrith and Carlisle, for Scotland, leaving the main road at Douglas Mills, from whence a postchaise conveyed me to Carstairs House.

This year Dr. Chalmers was there for a night or two, on the occasion of his giving a Church Extension lecture at Lanark—a movement which afterwards passed onwards into that for the establishment of the Free Kirk. He was a delightful person in conversation, and this discourse, lasting two hours and a half, given from the pulpit of the church in Lanark, was a most eloquent one. His manner was odd—sometimes he sat, sometimes he stood, and he was perpetually dropping his papers and spectacles and stooping to look for them, talking all the while in his strong Fife accent; but he held his audience completely; nò one took note of the time, and he made every individual suppose that he was being specially addressed and kept in the eye of the speaker. At this time the subject of the extension of the tile-draining of land was frequently discussed, and

Chalmers joined in the talk about it, so that an absurd parody was made by the younger members of the party:

> "Let Dr. Chalmers, with extensive view,
> Tile-drain the world from China to Peru;"

hardly worth repeating, perhaps, but it sticks in one's memory.

I remember an amusing termination to a conversation which was becoming rather dull, upon an occasion when Sir James Kempt, the Duke of Wellington's Master of the Ordnance (when he was holding all the great offices of State while Peel was being fetched from Rome), and Sir John Waters, well known as a dashing Peninsula officer, were present. There had been a good deal of talk about the loss and disappearance of the precious metals, in which Alison and some Glasgow men of business took part, and how all the missing gold could be accounted for. It was getting rather unprofitable and tedious, when Waters put an effectual end to it by saying, "I'll tell you what becomes of all the gold and silver. It goes to India and China, and they put it into their damned gongs."

This visit to Carstairs House was varied by some pleasant minor or episodical visits made in company with Robert Monteith. One was to Milton Lockhart, where Northern Circuit stories were freely exchanged for Scots Bar anecdotes told by the editor of the *Quarterly*, our host. Another was to the very old house of Stonebyres, close to the Falls of the Clyde of that name, at that time belonging to Mr. Vere. I never slept in a house where the ancient arrangement of rooms and furniture seemed to have been less disturbed. Mr. Vere had known my uncle David (afterwards Chief-Justice of Bombay) in the Academical Society at the University of Edinburgh. There was a very interesting dinner and evening at Corehouse, the seat of the Lord of Session of that ilk, and who was brother to the Countess of the Schloss Hanfelt, a visit to which in Germany formed the subject of a book by Captain Basil Hall. Among the guests were Rutherford, then Solicitor-General in Scotland, afterwards Lord Advocate and a judge; and Maitland, also afterwards on the Scots bench, a brother-in-law of Lord Fullerton's. Lord Corehouse was a fine speci-

men of the polite old school of manners. With an unmoved face, like a mask of wax, he would pay the most elaborate compliments. He had some little fancy farming going on near the house, including pigs, and after breakfast the guests were asked to make the usual round of inspection expected in such cases. To me he said, "Mr. Pollock, will you like to come and see my pigs? Your distinguished predecessor Lord Erskine was very fond of pigs," thereby then and there of course meaning that I was myself destined some day to sit on the Woolsack, and so become the successor of Erskine as Lord Chancellor. Then there were drives to the ruins of Craignethan Castle, the reputed original of Scott's Tillietudlem; a night away at Blantyre, with the sight of the great water-wheel of Mr. Monteith's cotton mills, and of Bothwell Castle; and luncheon at Milton Lockhart on the way back to Carstairs. I spent, too, the best part of a week in Edinburgh, where Maitland assisted me in seeing everything to the best advantage, dining at his house and also at Lord Fullerton's, where I met Campbell, and Lady Stratheden, and Jeffrey. There was also a supper at Professor

Wilson's house, where the only other guests were Ludovic Colquhoun, a Scots advocate, and Gordon, Wilson's son-in-law. The sun of Wilson's glorious intellect and humour was now shorn of much of its warmth and light by illness and increasing years, but I was not disappointed with the hero of so many aspirations fed upon early reading of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" in *Blackwood*. There was at supper some light bottled Prestonpans beer, which I ventured to call "a very pretty beer," and years afterwards, meeting Gordon at Dickens's house in London, he reminded me of it, and said that Wilson had been much pleased by the designation. After returning to Carstairs there came an extremely pleasant visit with Robert Monteith to Lord and Lady Belhaven at Wishaw, when Alison (not yet Sir Archibald) came to dinner on two days. Sir Stratford Canning was there, and Mademoiselle d'Este, who was also staying in the house, made herself most agreeable. Every day, however, the same little stratagem was played, and as if it had never been done before, to save the question of the royal precedence claimed by her as the daughter of the Duke of Sussex,

whose marriage with her mother had never received the sanction of the Crown, as required by the royal marriage Act. Mdlle. d'Este was never in the drawing-room before dinner, and always came into the dining-room as people were sitting down, with a little apology for being late, and this conventional arrangement avoided all difficulty. The legality of the marriage was decided against her brother and herself afterwards in the House of Lords, when Sir Augustus d'Este claimed to be Duke of Sussex on the death of his father. Wilde was his counsel, and this led to the acquaintance which ended in his wedding the sister of his client, and the following epigram was circulated at the time of their marriage:

"Happy the pair who fondly sigh,
By fancy and by love beguiled;
He views as heaven his D'Este nigh,
She vows her fate will make her wild."

Now came to Carstairs Frank Garden (afterwards Sub-dean of the Chapel Royal) and his wife, and the two Lushingtons, Edmund and Henry, and B. L. Chapman. It was past the middle of October when I returned to the Temple, going in the steamer *Leith* from Edinburgh

to London, no railway being then available. Just after Christmas I paid a short visit to my friend John Mansfield at Diggeswell Park, near Welwyn. Here were staying Mr. Stevenson, the then Minister of the United States, and his wife. She was a clever, amusing woman, but an oddity and reputed sayer of strange things. One story of her was that, having sneezed violently when sitting at dinner, she turned to her neighbours and said, "I hope I did not splash you." But, like all people who have got the reputation of such singularity, a good many things used to be told of her which probably had no foundation in fact. I have ventured, however, to repeat this anecdote to Mrs. Phelps, the wife of the present American Minister (1887), herself one of the best bred women that any court in Europe could produce, and full of all the attractions due to cultivated intellect, much amiability, and a thorough knowledge of the world.

CHAPTER VI

YACHTING

I LEFT the Circuit at Liverpool in the summer of 1839, in company with B. L. Chapman and Kenneth Macaulay, to join Robert Monteith at Greenock, and take part in the very delightful cruise among the Western Islands which he had prepared for us. Another member of the party was Archie Smith, the senior wrangler in my year, whose subsequent mathematical labours on the correction of the compass at sea were of the utmost value. They were recognised by the Russian Government, but I am not aware that they ever received the public notice they deserved in his own country. He was a good sailor himself, and was quite competent to have navigated us without assistance. The sixth man was Carmichael, afterwards Sir James. The vessel engaged by

Monteith was the *Orion*, a cutter of 35 tons (old measurement), built rather for room and comfort than for speed, but drawing very little water, so that we were able to get into many places from which a larger or deeper-keeled craft would have been excluded. There was a captain and, I think, two men. Carmichael had the best cabin, Macaulay occupied another, Monteith and Archie Smith had sofas in the living cabin, Chapman and myself had our berths in the stern. It was only possible for one of us to dress at a time, and then only by standing with one's head in the skylight which rose above the deck. We were a very happy party, and although there were plenty of books on board, and all the usual games, I do not think we once resorted to them.

The log of the voyage of the *Orion* was as follows :—

21*st August* 1839.—Arrive at Greenock. Met the rest of the party at Mr. Garden's (Frank Garden's father) at Croye, on the Gareloch. Sleep on board.

22*d August*.—Breakfast at Mr. Garden's. Night at anchor off Greenock, beautiful phosphorescent sea.

23d August.—Night at Rothesay.

24th August.—Breakfast with Kirkman Finlay at Toward Castle. Through Kyles of Bute. Vitrified fort on Burnt Island. All night beating along Mull of Cantyre. There was the perpetual cry of "Hard a-lee," and the noise of the boom going across over our heads in the stern cabin. At last I got into a sort of sleep and kept dreaming that I was at a great party, and that "Sir Hardy Lee" was always being announced by a groom of the chambers with a stentorian voice.

Sunday, 25th August.—Anchored in Campbeltown Loch at 3 A.M. Went on shore to church, and heard an excellent sermon from Norman M'Leod, afterwards to become a well-known personage. Monteith introduced himself to him at the end of the service and we all had some good talk with him.

26th August.—Rounded Mull of Cantyre; repulsed by the strong tide running in Sound of Islay. Got through Sound of Jura.

27th August.—Anchored early in morning in Kerrera Bay, Oban. Took on board Duncan Robertson, a pilot. Dunstaffnage, Connall Ferry, up Loch Etive, anchored head of loch.

28*th August.*—Wet and calm day. Anchor at night off Ardchattan.

29*th August.*—Breakfast on shore, Ardchattan, Mr. Campbell. Oban, Duart Castle, Ardtornish, Tobermory.

30*th August.*—Isle of Canna, in early morning. M'Neill, the laird, sent off a boat to us. I was dressing and with my head up the skylight, cleaning my teeth. The astonishment of the laird's men at the process was great. They had never seen a tooth-brush before. The laird did the honours of his island to us, and we went on to Loch Scavig in Skye, where anchored. Strolled round Loch Coruisk, a place of marvellous grandeur and wild beauty.

31*st August.*—Ascended the nearest peak of the Cuchullin Hills. On the summit were overtaken by mist and it was growing dusk. Even Archie Smith with his compass was at fault, and we began the descent on the inland side. A lift in the mist disclosed the mistake, and we regained the top, from which we could see a rocket or two thrown up from the cutter by the men on board for our guidance. Got on board, all very much tired, at 8.30 P.M., and with our clothes torn by the sharp edges of the hyper-

sthene rocks over which we had been clambering. They varied in size from a big box to a chest of drawers, and resembled gigantic lumps of sugar freshly broken, and with no signs of weathering or lichens upon them.

1st September.—Quiet rambling round Loch Coruisk.

2d September.—Leave Loch Scavig. Point of Slate. Anchor Loch Hourn.

3d September.—Walk to head of Loch Hourn, Glenelg, Glengarry.

4th September.—Sound of Skye. Loch Duich. Walk up Glen Shiel. Anchor Caillach Stone.

5th September.—Portree.

6th September.—Gairloch, in Ross-shire. Flowerdale.

7th September.—Stornoway, in Isle of Lewis.

8th September.—Breakfast, Seaforth Lodge, with Rev. W. Oldfield, episcopal minister, and to church, and lunch with him. In afternoon discovered that all our stock of cigars and tobacco was consumed. Boarded some of the small vessels lying round us to see if we could procure any. They all fought shy of us, fancying that the *Orion* was a Revenue cutter,

and that we were trying to entrap them. At last we boarded a brig from Bremen, commanded, as we found, by the son of the owner, a man of extremely good manners and education; but, warned by previous defeat, we did not broach the question of tobacco until we had made some progress in our acquaintance with him. The medium of conversation was very mixed. None of us could talk German, although we could occasionally understand what was said in it, and could sometimes supply a word or two. The captain knew no French or English, but had been at some university, and understood Latin. So we endeavoured to carry on our talk in that language, eked out by English and German words. After we had assured him that we had nothing to do with the Customs, he was much puzzled to make out what we could be doing at Stornoway, then a very small place. We told him we were a party of college friends on our travels. Then a brilliant idea struck him and he exclaimed, "Ja! ja! candidaten!" evidently thinking that a tour or a cruise was the necessary completion of the Cambridge curriculum of education. This notion answered so well that we did not

attempt to disturb it, and went down with our new acquaintance into the principal cabin, which was amidships, lined with white tiles, and with a four-post bedstead in it. Some excellent Schiedam was produced and we became very friendly. Finally we bought some cigars, and a price was made for them at a shilling a hatful. But they were so bad that not one in a dozen could be smoked. Later on in the afternoon the captain paid his return visit to the *Orion*. All the others were on shore, so that I had to do the honours, and obtained unqualified approbation of Monteith's capital Rum Shrub. Blowing hard at night.

9*th September*.—Kenneth Macaulay visited some distant cousins of whom he knew at Stornoway, and was made much of and taken round to see them all.

10*th September*.—To Portree. We were fortunate in being able to get away from Stornoway, where we might have been detained by contrary winds a considerable time. It was a rash adventure going there.

11*th September*.—Through narrows of Skye. No wind all night.

12*th September*.—Anchored in Gometra Bay.

13*th September*.—Staffa, Iona, Corryvreckan. Anchor at mouth of Crinan Canal.

14*th September*.—Through Crinan Canal. Pilot leaves. Anchor in Kyles of Bute.

15*th September*.—Anchor off Helensburgh, and so ends the Orionautic expedition.

The following letter and others which succeed it were written by me to a very dear relative with whom I was for many years in correspondence :—

CARSTAIRS HOUSE,
18*th September* 1839.

MY DEAR COUSIN—At last I am seated at a library table, with all means and appliances for letter writing, and the rest of the party are gone to look at cows and pigs. . . . I have seen and learned a great deal in a very delightful manner, but on returning to spacious rooms and four-post beds am persuaded that land, rather than the sea, is one's proper element. Indeed the unavoidable discomfort of close packing on board of a small vessel rather increased upon one than diminished by use. Still, independently of the scenery one saw, the life had its peculiar charms. The uncertainty of the weather, the ignorance where the wind would take us next and how long we might be obliged to stay at a place, the alternation of rough and smooth water, fine and wet days—all contributed something. The feeling of buoyancy which attended sleeping afloat I certainly miss while reposing on the solid floors of this house, otherwise I am not sorry to exchange a shelf in a cupboard for a couch in a large room. I do not mean to tell you now of

all that we saw—the solitudes, the multitudes, the scenery, the men and the manners, for there was abundant room for the statistician and the moralist, as well as the botanist, the geologist, and the sketcher, to work in. All this must be kept for Binfield a few weeks hence.

From Carstairs I went, *viâ* Edinburgh, to Perthshire to pay a visit to Oliphant of Condie, where was staying his sister-in-law, Lady Oliphant (the mother of Laurence Oliphant), whom I had known from my boyhood, and who was one of those interesting and lovable persons who have the gift of making themselves liked by all who come into contact with them. Thereafter to London by sea, *viâ* Dundee.

CHAPTER VII

THE SHERIFFS IN NEWGATE

In the early part of 1840 John Williams one evening had to dine with him two or three men, including myself, at the time when the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex were in Newgate, having been sent there by the House of Commons for breach of privilege in executing the process of the Court of Queen's Bench against their printer in the case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard. The judge was much exercised by this, and said, "I ought not to be giving you fellows a dinner in my own house. I am d—d if I do not wish I was in prison, as I ought to be, instead of those poor sheriffs; but the House of Commons does not dare send the judges to Newgate. Still they have pulled us by the nose, and we are in a state of wretched ——" adding a strong and quaint expression of his

own *quod dicere non est.* John Williams, as already mentioned, sometimes used naughty words. One day when Ellis was in the Court of King's Bench reporting the judgments being delivered in a case, Williams sent down a little note to him from the bench with the words, "Don't make d—der fools of us than we are." On an occasion when he was reading out the notes of evidence taken by another judge, upon the hearing of an application for a new trial, he read, "When the plaintiff was asked to pay for the goods, he said he would see them d—d first." Counsel, who were following him from their own notes, interrupted Williams to say, "We have it that the plaintiff said he would see the goods delivered first." Williams replied, "What I have is d—d, and if that does not mean damned, I am damned myself." The judge who tried the cause had in fact abbreviated the word "delivered" to d$^{d.}$, without dreaming of the misconception to which it might give rise. When at the bar John Williams was once defending a prisoner on his trial for murder, before the Prisoners' Counsel Act, so that he could make no speech to the jury, and his function was

confined to examining and cross-examining the witnesses. Before putting a question on cross-examination to one of the witnesses for the prosecution, the answer to which was of vital importance, he explained this to the attorney who was instructing him, and was assured that the answer would come out favourably to their client. Then he put the question, but it was answered the wrong way, upon which Williams turned round to the attorney and said, "By God! we are hanged; and when you meet your client in hell, as you will do, you must take off your hat and make a low bow to him, and ask his pardon for making me put that question." John Williams held the leading brief for the defence in the action brought by an attorney against Gilbert Henderson for assault, in turning him out of the room in which he was holding a reference, for insulting conduct. The peroration of his speech to the jury was, "A kick and a farthing, gentlemen, all the world over." The jury found their verdict accordingly for the plaintiff, with damages one farthing; and the grave Serjeant Cross, who led for the plaintiff, was heard to say as he was indorsing it upon his brief and tying up his papers, "We have got more kicks than halfpence."

The action of lawyers and statesmen in that affair of parliamentary privilege was indeed a strange and arbitrary one. Wilde refused briefs, and attended to no business while it was going on, in order that he might give his undivided attention to it. The prudent and generally cautious Sir Robert Peel shared the general parliamentary frenzy. Afterwards I was myself in the case of Howard *v.* Gossett, in which the Serjeant-at-Arms was sued by Stockdale's solicitor for having taken him into custody by order of the House.

The following letters were written in London in the early part of the year 1840:—

TEMPLE, 23*d May* 1840.

DEAR E.—The weather has been vile for some time, but relents a little to-day. We in London have all been lighting our fires with our almanacs, between which and the thermometer it must be lamented that a better understanding is not maintained. Instead of the mutual good feeling which one would expect and wish to see prevailing between the arbiters of the Seasons and the Temperature, they seem to delight in betraying each other into the falsest positions. I don't know on which side the fault lies; but the scientific authorities of the country really ought to look to it. Uncle H. recommends a change to a better climate, by taking a judgeship at the Cape. I am determined, however, to resist any departure from the beaten path of the profession here

until it fairly turns out to be one which will lead to nothing for me; and it is hardly yet known that I am on the road, such is the dust and confusion caused by the other vehicles which crowd it, among which it must be difficult to distinguish the humble turn-out of a beginner. I have plenty of time before me. Cicero gave good advice to his friend Rufus, when he wrote to him: "Urbem, urbem mi Rufe cole; et in istâ luce vive. Omnis enim perigrinatio, sordida et obscura est iis, quorum industria Romæ potest illustris esse."—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

TEMPLE, *26th June* 1840.

DEAR E.—Fanny's flowers continue in beautiful order, and impart much *riancy* to my dusty chambers. But it is shocking to see them positively getting dirty sooner than they fade. To-morrow I mean to rush out of London, having accepted an invitation to go down to Kitlands—the place of the Heathen—in the fairest part of Surrey. Next week a day at Harrow, for their speeches, will break its middle, and on Saturday night, having previously got through my share in an important cause which is fixed for that morning, I go to Cambridge to take my M.A. degree and spend some days there, until it becomes necessary to return to London to prepare for York. A green worm has just dropped from one of the roses which stand on my writing-table. What shall be done with him? Should the police be called in? Shall we kill him? Why, no; he has committed no capital offence. It lies in the nature of green worms to feed on roses. Lovely diet that to produce so loathsome a creature. Probably he would rather have remained in the rose than have fallen on the table; but then gravity, you know, which controls stronger things than rose-

worms, must have its word in the business. So, lifted on the point of a pen, my worm goes back to continue his devastations among the roses. He will enjoy them more than I shall for the next two days, if they live so long.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

Frederick D. Maurice was at this time the chaplain at Guy's Hospital, where I sometimes used to go to hear him preach, and also to dine with him. It was here that one day in June I first met Mrs. Carlyle, and had the pleasure of sitting next her at dinner. Finding that I had something to do with the law, she mentioned that Carlyle had been fearfully troubled by having to serve on a jury; and that, to save him from further annoyance, she had burnt the last summons sent to him, and had not mentioned it to her husband. Thinking this might be a more serious matter than Mrs. Carlyle fancied it to be I made further inquiry, and was told that he had sat the whole of one day on the trial of a case, when it was adjourned to a future date, so that if the same jurymen who had already heard part of the case did not again attend it would prevent the continuance of the trial, and would probably lead to the infliction of a very heavy fine on any absent juror. Mrs.

Carlyle became alarmed, and asked me what could be done, as she neither recollected the name of the case, nor the date or court in which it was to come on. But she knew it was a patent case about the so-called "cards" used in the manufacture of cotton, and upon this information I promised to do my best to save Carlyle from the probable consequences of her rash act. I had no difficulty in discovering what was wanted, and sent to Mrs. Carlyle a notification of the time and place of trial. Carlyle attended, and I was amply rewarded by two or three letters from his wife. In the first she thanked me for my assistance, and dwelt on the possible calamities of fine or imprisonment, not even in the cause of humanity, but in the cause only of Walton and Potter; adding that he would go, the much-suffering man, but would go, "cursing from the bottom of his heart the administration of English justice." At all events she had had the comfort of having spared him some eight days of the horrors of anticipation, and such comfort also as could be drawn from the reflection that virtue ever is its own reward, unless something very particular occurs to prevent it. On the

first hearing of the case when it was adjourned, it seems that Carlyle had been requested by an official of the court to give his word of honour that he would come again when required. He had answered with the emphasis of despair, "No," and gave him his word of honour that he would *not* come back—they might fine him, they might kill him, but that box he would not enter alive any more! In fact, having all the irritability of genius, and the irritability of a lifelong dyspepsia into the bargain, he had been thrown into a sort of moral hydrophobia by this Walton and Potter, which was nearly proving fatal both to himself and his wife, and fatal above all (as she wrote) to his projected *Life of Cromwell*, and which had cost her many tears. My information and warning of the consequences of his non-attendance, however, made everything comfortable for the time, and Carlyle was again correcting proofs, with his head as clear of Walton and Potter as if no such men had ever lived and quarrelled. The lowest fine that would have been inflicted was ten pounds, the fifth part of the whole sum to be got by writing a *French Revolution;* and a wild suggestion was made by Mrs. Carlyle that she should swear

him off on the ground of incapacity, which she said she could conscientiously do, as no man in his mad state was capable of seeing into the merits of any case. After the trial was over Mrs. Carlyle made me acquainted with all that had happened. The jury had not been able to agree, but eleven were ready to give a verdict for the plaintiff, and they were led away through narrow passages, and up stairs and into a dim, cold room, and there by the light of one little candle, the eleven wise jurymen began to contemplate the one foolish juryman, and found him very powerful of body, "with a huge flat head and evidently no sense in it," "cheeks flowing down far and wide," and his person provided against contingencies with an enormous mackintosh. The wise eleven gathered round him and remonstrated, through the foreman, on such unusual contumacy in a case not involving human life, but only a patent. The foolish one "growled and flashed back looks of deathless determination." Then came to the rescue that strong practical common sense which was often so conspicuous in Carlyle, and he said to the others, "Do not reason with him; don't you see he is a fool: flatter him—that is our only

chance." Flattery was accordingly tried, but failed. They did not know their man, he said, he had the firmest mind in England; he knew the room well, had starved out juries in it before, and had kept the last shut up until half after nine in the morning. The eleven then took to walking about, the one took possession of the only candle, took out a yellow book about patents, and some biscuits, and began "to munch and to read." The others grew desperate; but Carlyle returned to the charge, and undertook the foolish juryman himself, after having suggested to his companions in misfortune that they should "fall upon the monster and strangle him," which, if they all joined in it, and under the peculiar circumstances, he thought would be nothing worse than justifiable homicide. Carlyle then went to work, and besought the obstinate one to consider the consequences of his conduct, not with reference to them or to the plaintiff, but with reference to the party favoured by him. He was going to involve him in the immense expense of another trial, in which, as it now appeared, there would be eleven chances to one against him. Then he coaxed him, and laughed, and pulled him by the

arm, and they all coaxed him and laughed; and, finally, the rock moved, and again they were all free Englishmen. Carlyle got home about eleven at night, and could hardly speak for bursting into roars of laughter, and his wife at first thought his trouble had gone to his head. But she soon joined in the uproarious mirth, and all was well over. Yet it must have made a deep impression in the house at Chelsea; for although this was in February, Mrs. Carlyle was writing about it to John Sterling in the following October[1] as a thing which had thrown them into a deplorable plight for a good while back, and from the effects of which she was only just recovering. Carlyle, in his note upon the letter, mentions that it was he who coaxed round the recalcitrant juryman, and saved a new trial at £1000 a day; and he speaks of the intolerable suffering, rage, almost despair, and resolution to quit London which were the consequence to him of receiving jury summonses.

Coltman was the Senior Judge going the Northern Circuit in 1840, and at Liverpool he appointed me a Revising Barrister. No qualification of standing then was necessary, but

[1] *Letters of J. W. Carlyle.* London, 1883, vol. i. p. 118.

there must have been many of my seniors who had far stronger claims and better general expectations of receiving an appointment than myself. I never, however, myself heard, nor did I ever hear of, any ill-natured remarks being made about me on this occasion. I have always looked upon Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Northern Circuit as the two institutions which I have most regarded, and as those to which I owe the most. The *bon camaraderie* of the latter body cannot often, I think, have been more severely tested than it now was, for I had at the date of this appointment only been called to the bar a couple of years and a few months. At. these Summer Assizes came on for trial the Blundell will case, in which my father was a witness in support of the sanity of the testator, and Campbell came down special to lead for the heirs-at-law. My father had paid a visit to Ince Blundell a few years previously, and I was with him. Mr. Blundell was eccentric enough, inasmuch as the house and its surroundings had been for many years allowed to fall into a state of utter neglect; he never saw company, and lived a life of great seclusion. Great crops of fungus grew on the ceilings of

the passages inside the house where water had come in, the furniture was all old, the fine landscapes by Wilson, painted apparently for the places in the panels occupied by them in certain rooms, were suffering from want of attention. Outside, grass grew in the approaches to the house, and a back door only seemed to be ever used. In the gardens everything had gone to ruin, rusted nails and decaying strips of cloth alone showed where there had once been fruit-trees on the walls. In a large orangery the trees had grown so high as to break through or lift up the glass roof above them, and as the roots had increased in bulk the staves of the tubs in which the trees stood had been burst asunder, and lay as they had fallen, like the spokes of a wheel round their respective centres. Such a visit as ours was evidently an extremely rare event. But the owner of the place himself was a well-dressed gentleman of polished manners. His conversation was full of interest, he was well up in current literature, and showed us, in the best manner, all the art treasures of the place, including the building in the grounds reduced from the Pantheon at Rome, and the remarkable

collection of Greek and Roman statuary, which had formed one-half of the joint-collection made by his father and Mr. Townley. My father's evidence left no room for doubting Mr. Blundell's perfect competence to make a will, and the case was settled without being heard to the end; but he made, in form, a very bad witness, knowing as he did exactly what had to be proved, and never waiting to hear the Attorney-General's questions. Campbell, in remarking upon the return of the old leader of the circuit to be a witness only and to see himself leading a case, said it reminded him of the punishment assigned by Quevedo in his *Vision of Hell* to bad fiddlers, who are condemned to an eternity of sitting to hear other bad fiddlers fiddle. I remember once in the old Court of Error, in the Exchequer Chamber at Westminster, sitting behind Campbell when he was at the bar, and when an unusual number of judges came in to take their seats on the bench, and all in scarlet robes, as it was a red-letter day. He turned round to me and said, "I never see this without thinking of the scene in *Othello*, when a parcel of carpenters and scene-shifters are dressed up to come in as the senators of Venice."

NORTHERN CIRCUIT,
LIVERPOOL, 23*d August* 1840.

DEAR E.—Your kinsman, Baron Rolfe, has most agreeably disappointed every one. There was great and universal wailing and lamentation when it was first known that he would come this circuit. No one supposed that a chancery man, of no great practice, and in no way distinguished, except in the opinion of his private friends, would make a good common law judge; but the event has reversed all expectations, and stamps with a higher value the sort of limited reputation which he enjoyed, and which is not in general worth much. He is singularly clear-headed, by no means deficient in knowledge of law, and has a ready straightforward way of getting through business which saves much time; besides he is a perfect gentleman, and is courteous to every one, without showing fear or favour to counsel, or shrinking from his duty on any account whatever. Every one is now speaking well of him.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

My father had three of my sisters with him, and after he had given his evidence left Liverpool with them, by steamship to Glasgow, to pay a visit at Carstairs, where I was to join them as soon as I could get away. The next day the Blundell case was unexpectedly arranged, a cause in which I held a brief was called on and referred, and I rushed to the railway station, reaching Carstairs, *viâ* Lancaster, Carlisle, and Douglas Mills, early in the

following afternoon. The others did not arrive until after the party in the house had sat down to dinner, and great was their astonishment at finding me quietly sitting at dinner when they came in to take their own places. Another pleasant visit to Wishaw followed, with Mdlle. D'Este again there; and in the middle of September I commenced the duties of one of the revising barristers for the county and boroughs of Durham.

My colleagues were Deacon, best known as practising in the Bankruptcy Court, and as having written a book on Bankruptcy Law, and Marshall of Leeds, afterwards a County Court judge. In those days two or three revising barristers used to go about together, and hold their several courts simultaneously in the same places, which sometimes led to a great waste of time. Occasionally they would sit together, as if *in banco*, to hear some question of principle argued by the agents, the decision of which would govern a great number of cases, and I think we did this on one occasion. Very able men used to appear before us, and I found that my knowledge of real property law, such as it was, derived from Coke upon Littleton, Black-

stone, and a very useful digest by Burton much in vogue in those days, did me yeoman service. Besides these there was the convenient manual by Elliott, and I could always have recourse to the assistance of my colleagues, who were most considerate to me, when it was wanted.

Their previous experience in the district had enabled them to arrange the order in which the places for holding courts came, in the most convenient way, not only for business purposes but also with regard to social advantages, and we were invited and went to several pleasant and hospitable houses. At Whitburn, a small place on the sea, we lived in lodgings while revising for the county and borough at Sunderland, and here I had the pleasure of falling in unexpectedly with Tom Taylor while taking a walk on the shore, and had a good Cambridge talk with him. We were entertained at the Rectory of Sedgefield by Mr. Strong, and at that of Stanhope (then in its undivided integrity) by Mr. Darnell. For fine natural scenery there were the woods and walks of Rokeby, and the river at Greta Bridge. And after revising at Middleton-in-Teesdale, I went

on to see the comparatively little known fall of the Tees, at High Force, which for volume of water exceeds any other in England, and is finely situated. We dined with the parson at Middleton who had been tutor to the two Bullers, Charles and Arthur, about whom we talked; but whether before or after Carlyle's time with them I do not remember. At Rokeby, too, we dined and spent a most interesting evening with Mr. Morritt, who was full of stories, many about his friend Sir Walter Scott, and of other people also. There were anecdotes of the fashionable lions of his own younger days—of the gentleman who enjoyed a short-lived fame by dressing all in green, and got known as "the Green Man"; of Ida, the Greek boy; and of Mr. Abbott, "the gentleman who was so badly used by Lord Camelford." But the best was a story of Lord Dudley's absence of mind, for which he was so well known. He was dining with King William and Queen Adelaide, and was sitting next the Queen. Some dish was handed round, to which Lord Dudley helped himself, and finding it much to his liking, and being a great judge of good eating, he thought it his duty to tell his neighbour of it. So, forgetting

where he was and all the etiquette of the palace, he turned to the Queen and said, "You really ought to take some of this, it is most excellent." The Queen only smiled and thanked him. A minute afterwards the same thought came again into Lord Dudley's head, and again he strongly urged the Queen to have some, with the same result. After another short interval, for the third time he pressed the capital merits of the dish upon the Queen's notice, who then replied, "I am glad you like it, Lord Dudley. It must be very good, for this is the third time you have told me of it." Then he, remembering that but forgetting everything else, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all the table, "Damn the woman, so it is!"

On my way back to London I stopped at York to see Thompson (late Master of Trinity), and falling in with Milnes at the station, went to Fryston with him, where were Sir Francis Doyle, also just off a revising circuit; Skeffington Lutwidge, who afterwards became a Lunacy Commissioner, and lost his life in the performance of his duty from an attack by a dangerous inmate of an asylum he was visiting; and a crowd of other people. In walking from the

station to the house Lutwidge asked Doyle if he knew who was there. Several names were mentioned, and among them certain spinsters of not uncertain age, on which Lutwidge exclaimed, "Then I shall be in clover; I know them well!" Doyle whispered to me, "Old hay would be more like it." As a piece of statistics, it may be recorded that my revising circuit occupied twenty-five days—including four travelling days—paid for, according to the system then in force, at five guineas a day, with one guinea a day for one's own hotel expenses, and seven shillings for those of a clerk, to which would be added the expenses of locomotion. My cheque from the Treasury to cover all this amounted to £193 : 11 : 10. Afterwards rumours were in circulation, true or false, of some revising barristers who unduly protracted the time of revision, and sent in excessive charges for travelling expenses; and a fixed remuneration of 200 guineas to cover everything, irrespectively of the time occupied or actual expenses, was substituted for the early mode of payment—and this, I fancy, was a gain to most, if not all of us. It certainly was so in my own subsequent revisions.

CHAPTER VIII

HIGH STEWARDSHIP OF CAMBRIDGE

In London, in October, being now a Master of Arts, with a vote in the Senate House, I worked on Lord Lyndhurst's committee in the contest for the High Stewardship of the University of Cambridge, which took place between him and Lord Lyttelton. Feeling ran rather high in the matter. Both were Trinity men, and Lyttelton was supported as a rising young man who had taken a good degree and as a generally Liberal politician, but his chief strength lay in the hopes entertained of his advocacy of Church interests. Lyndhurst was opposed as an old man who had had enough of the good things of the world and as a Tory; and reports were circulated of his private life which ought not to have been encouraged upon such an occasion

by those who had the means of checking them. He was supported as a statesman who had rendered long and eminent services to the country and to his University, and who was from his antecedents especially fitted for the dignified post left vacant by the advancement of the Duke of Northumberland to the Chancellorship of Cambridge. His absence on the Continent, and the difficulty of quickly communicating with him in the days before telegrams, made the earlier part of the contest rather arduous for his friends, and the fight was a hot one. Both sides met in London at Northumberland House, where the Duke was inaugurated and gave a luncheon, but the peace was of course not broken there. It ended in a great triumph for Lyndhurst, who was elected by a majority of two to one over his opponent, polling 973 votes—at that time an unprecedented number, and the largest ever previously recorded, Goulburn in the parliamentary election of 1831 having polled 805 votes. It must be remembered that there were at this time no voting papers, and that every voter must either have attended in the Senate House—not an easy or inexpensive matter then

—or obtained a pair. I was one of a party who posted down to Cambridge, leaving London at seven in the morning and returning by one the next morning. Lyndhurst was inaugurated as High Steward at his own house in George Street, Hanover Square, a week after his election, and made a very beautiful speech in his deep rich voice, in which he chiefly dwelt upon the delight it gave him to return home, as it were, in his old age, to the place in which he had won his first distinctions after having been for so long separated from it. Graham, Master of Christ's, the Vice-Chancellor, also spoke well.

TEMPLE, *12th January* 1841.

MY DEAR E.—I returned yesterday afternoon from a visit of enforced shortness to B——, which was worth going to see. I went down to Guildford on Friday with my friend, and dined at the inn there. It was most savagely and ferociously cold going down. There was a poor woman on the box whom I found nearly stiff with cold on getting out at Kingston, and I put her inside, placing myself by the coachman. I was well wrapped up, and it was only for twenty miles, but very severe it was. There was an aggressive character about the cold; it seemed violently to attack one. On getting down, my hat, eyelashes, and exposed hair were thickly coated with the steam of the horses, which had frozen on them. The driver's face, which was of necessity more exposed, presented a most

absurd appearance; there was a perfect glacier lodged upon each whisker an inch in thickness. The moon, however, shone brightly, and the trees, encrusted with glittering frost-work, were like the silver forests of a fairy tale. The good dinner, however, at Guildford dispelled all the inconvenience and romance. There was a county ball at night, which, owing to the intense frost, was badly attended. T——'s people were there, and returned home afterwards; but we remained at the inn, thereby escaping a bitter drive of eleven miles. In the morning a carriage came for us, and, having previously assisted at a somewhat tardy meeting of congratulation to the Queen on the birth of the Princess, we went to B——. It is an old house with historical associations, which have lost much of their interest, because the place has changed owners so often that hardly any of the pictures and pieces of old furniture really belong to the place, but have been put there by the present people. There is a fine hall, with a sloped roof, lantern, and gallery, and several living rooms. But, most unfortunately, antiquity has been somewhat too closely followed in the restorations. The windows were all glazed in diamond panes in lead, the fires all burnt in open chimneys, placed as far back as possible, and in all the sitting-rooms were of wood. Consequently the whole house was abominably frigid. Modern comforts before ancient proprieties, say I, particularly when the two can be so easily combined. Surely if Queen Elizabeth were now alive she would adopt the improvements of the age. On Sunday, the church being distant, there was service in the dining-room, and I envied the gentleman in the first lesson who said he was warm. Afterwards we looked over the house, and sat about in different rooms, and spent the evening in a new French drawing-room, where we finally obtained some warmth.

It is sad to think that Benjamin Count Rumford should have lived so much in vain.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

During the Spring Circuit of 1841 I was appointed Junior Counsel to the Mint for Lancashire, and there was always a good crop of cases from Liverpool and Manchester. On one occasion at the former place, when Maule was sitting in the Crown Court, a curious scene occurred. A very impudent old offender was being tried for practising the well-known trick of "ringing the changes" at a public-house in Manchester. The main evidence against him was that of a smart barmaid, whom he cross-examined himself, not being defended by counsel. She answered all his questions in such a way as only to clinch the case against him, and, finding that he could make no impression on her, he said, "Well, you go away; I know the jury won't believe you." The girl answered, "I shan't go away for your telling me to go," and there was a sort of altercation between them, which Maule did not at first notice, as he was looking over his notes before summing up. At last he looked up and said to the witness, "My good girl, you have given

your evidence very well and are not wanted any more, and you can go; and remember, you have this advantage over the prisoner—that you can go away, and he can't." At this there was of course a great laugh at the expense of the discomfited man in the dock. Maule summed up, the jury at once found a verdict of guilty, we proved a previous conviction, which made his offence a transportable one, and Maule proceeded to sentence him to seven years' transportation, when the prisoner called out to him, "You'll be in hell before that time's over." Maule did not hear what was said, and leaned over his desk to ask Mr. Hopkins, a very ancient and staid official of the County Palatine, what the prisoner was saying. Hopkins stood up, turned round to the judge, and very solemnly said, "He says your Lordship will be in hell before that time's over."—"We shall see," said Maule; "call the next case." Many anecdotes have been in circulation of Maule's witty and caustic sayings, but I may here relate one that is little known. A friend about to build a house asked him what sort of instructions he should give to his architect, and Maule said, "Don't let him know what

you really want, or you will be sure not to get it."

LONDON, 16*th April* 1841.

DEAR E.—Only think, Mr. Ward's new book, *De Clifford*, which is charming in other things too, is full of Binfield. Binfield is called the prettiest village in England, with its union of courtly elegance and rustic freedom. There is a scene at the Warren House, and the hero puts up at the Royal Oak in Oakingham; honourable mention, too, is made of Bill Hill, but, above all, of Binfield church. A gentleman, one of the retired men of the world who appear in all his novels, walks there every day to set his watch. But he makes you hear the sound of a waterfall in the churchyard. Is there anything nearer than the weirs on the Thames which could be heard there? Pray get Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-worship*. I did not hear the lectures last year, but, now they are printed from shorthand notes, I like them much, and so will you. I have been much interested by reading a report in MS. on the Khonds by an Indian officer. They are an aboriginal tribe dwelling in Orissa, a mountain district between Bengal and Madras, where they have lived untouched by Buddha or Mahommed. So they have their own customs and religion, and indulge in frightful human sacrifices, which our Government in vain attempts to stop. Among other divinities they have a god called Dhoon-gherry, or the God of Things as they are—the patron god of Conservatism, no doubt. They hold festivals in his honour, and the burden of their hymns is, May we live as our forefathers, and may our children live like us. During the feasts of this god it is a point of honour for all the men to be drunk. This must be typical of election practices before the Reform

Bill. I have no doubt that his altar is to be found in England among some of the rude mounds which were formerly represented at Old Sarum.

An American, dining with Mr. Leader, M.P., sees a statue of the Venus de Medici in the room, and says, "I reckon now, that stone gall's fixed uncommon well."—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

After returning to London I had a very interesting employment in digesting the evidence in the famous Wood's will case—then on appeal before the Privy Council—and went to see the original will and the partially burnt codicil at Doctor's Commons.

In May, going to the annual dinner of the Literary Fund, I saw Macready for the first time off the stage and heard him make one of the few speeches he ever made in public on such an occasion. I went with Kenneth Macaulay, and had the good fortune to sit next Browning, then known as the author of *Sordello*. Milnes, Rio, and Dickens were also there. Another event of dramatic interest was the seeing of Rachel in *Les Horaces*, the recollection of whose transcendent power can never be effaced. The words "O, mon cher Curiace" were a whole tragedy in themselves, and disclosed a depth of pathos scarcely approached by any other actress.

LONDON, *8th June* 1841.

MY DEAR E.—Every one is asking his neighbour what place he means to stand for, and electioneering talk is the only talk that is talked. I wish it were all over well. In Middlesex it is unlikely that old Byng will be unseated. He seems to have a sort of prescriptive right to represent the county, and the prestige of thirty years will carry him through. He is like Burdett in Westminster. Last time he stood there a Radical tradesman was canvassed against him, but said he had always voted for Burdett and always would. "Well, but," they said, "Sir Francis has changed his opinions. When you voted for him before he was the friend of the people, etc., now he is a Tory. In fact, he is quite inconsistent."—"Ah!" says the loyal Burdettite, "that makes no difference. If Burdett chooses to be inconsistent, that is no reason why I should be inconsistent too. I've always voted for him, and shall still vote for him." One rather likes this feeling of personal attachment. It is at least more human than voting merely for an abstract principle.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

TEMPLE, *1st July* 1841.

MY DEAR E.—So we have gained two seats in London, with a Conservative at the head of the poll, and Lord John Russell at the bottom, and only nine votes above our third man. If none of our men had given votes to Wood or Russell we should have had all four seats; and if the election had been last week, so many lawyers would not have been absent at Sessions, and we should certainly have kept out Lord John. However, it is a great thing to have achieved as it stands, and we of the Temple have no

reason to reproach ourselves for want of zeal. Westminster is still more glorious. Rous, only announced as a candidate on Friday, was at the head of the poll on Wednesday. With only one committee-room, only one copy and a half of the register to work with, no previous organisation of any kind. It was the shortest, sharpest, gallantest fight ever fought. Westminster taken by a sudden storming party; or rather, it was like regular troops routed by a charge of Highlanders or Vendéans—without powder, shot, or any of the usual munitions of war; our people had to trust to nothing but their own activity and personal exertions, and for the first time in the history of modern politics is Westminster carried by a Tory—for Burdett's re-election after his change of opinions was an affair of person and not of principles. One cannot make out why naval men have always been connected with the representation of this place, but it has always been so, and no doubt Captain Rous owes much of his success to being one. To-day's report gives a Conservative gain of twelve in the boroughs—that is twenty-four on a division in the House. There are more boroughs to come in which we may expect to gain in the same proportion, and we have our whole reserve of certain county gains to bring up. Majority of fifty for Sir Robert in the new Parliament at the least. And now to leave the noisy hustings for the tranquil poet's cell. Trench is in town, and asking him for an explanation of

> "Our great father when he sat
> Uncomforted on Ararat,"

he says there is a tradition in the Talmud that Adam, after the fall, passed a hundred years of solitude in penance on Mount Ararat.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

During the York Summer Assizes there was a short visit to Fryston in company with Thackeray, who came to see me at York. As we walked up on a fine summer afternoon to the then front of the house, Milnes and his father were standing at the door, the latter in a dressing-gown and smoking a cigar. He at once, after a hospitable greeting, gave one to each of us, and added, "You may smoke anywhere in this house—in your bedrooms, if you please—and Mrs. Milnes does not mind it in her drawing-room. Only you must not smoke in Richard's room, for he doesn't like it." Thackeray turned to Milnes and said, "What a father is thrown away upon you!" When we were saying good-bye at the end of our visit, Thackeray thanked Mr. Milnes for the pleasure it had given him, and said, "Your house, sir, combines the freedom of the tavern with the elegance of the chateau."

After the Summer Circuit was over I went to stay with the Tom Speddings at Greta Bank, Keswick, where was Carlyle. Him I had hardly seen before, except when he was in the agony of lecturing with firm-set mouth, painful eyes, and his hands convulsively grasped, suffer-

ing as one might fancy an Indian would at the stake. He came in late to dinner, having waited to finish a smoke, and I know not how Sir Isaac Newton came to be mentioned. Carlyle at once said there was nothing in him and he had done nothing. I remember that, rather rashly, I ventured to ask him if he knew what Newton had done, not being then aware how much Carlyle had attended to mathematics in his earlier days, and he replied, without taking any offence, that he had read all that Newton had written, which put an end to the subject. A day or two afterwards there was a little expedition from the house to the top of Skiddaw. In descending I happened to be thrown together with Carlyle, and he talked all the way down about shams and windbags, and how Burns ought to have been king of England, and how George the Third ought to have been the exciseman. But he was most severe about Parliaments and parliamentary representation, and voting for members, and all the apparatus that belonged to it, including the registration of voters; and, as he knew what I should shortly be doing in the county, he fell foul of revising barristers, and chaffed and laughed at me in

the heartiest and absurdest of ways, to my great delight and amusement. For as always happened, when I saw him in later years, and he used to break forth in his wild and strange way, I did not believe he meant half of what he said. It was grim enough very often, but there was always a great deal of latent humour in it all. In the middle of his most trenchant denunciations there would be a twinkle of the eye, and a laugh, and a sort of quiet, mental dig in the ribs, as much as to say, "You must not think this is all quite serious." I do not mean to assert that I never heard him say intentionally rude and unjust things, for he did so; but they were the exception and not the rule. So that, on the whole, his conversation was most genial and delightful, especially when he was telling of his own early days and about Annandale, or recounting some curious anecdote from history, when one could listen to him with the most perfect admiration.

A Sunday occurred during this visit, and Carlyle went to church with the rest of the party. I was next him, and he was very anxious to follow the ritual, never having been present at the service of the Church of

England before. He insisted upon having the psalms and lessons and collects and so forth found for him in the prayer-book, and was curious and attentive about everything. It was in the days when the responses used to be made by the clerk, and the congregation did not habitually join in them. When we came out he asked, "Who is the man that says Amen?" And I tried to explain to him that he was supposed to represent the congregation in saying amen and making the responses, in which it was not very usual for any one else to support him. He was surprised, and wanted to know if I ever took part in the responses, to which I replied, "No; not unless the clerk had a weak voice, which seemed to want reinforcing." This tickled him amazingly, and he kept bursting out laughing on our way home from church. I did not happen to meet Carlyle for some time after this; and then one evening at his own house in Chelsea his first word to me was, "Well, have you been reinforcing a weak clerk lately?"

There followed three or four very pleasant days with the James Marshalls, then newly married, at Coniston. It was at the time when

one was first beginning to hear of *roches polies* and *moutonnées*, and other glacier effects as to be seen in England. James Marshall himself was a good geologist, and Sharpe, a very accomplished one, happening to come to the house, there was a long discussion one evening on the subject, to which Spedding, also a guest, and myself chiefly listened, as became us in the company of professed geologists. Next day we sallied forth to look for evidences of old glacier action in the nearest valleys, which Marshall had never done before. Wherever we turned up the turf or examined a prominent mass of rock we found them, and to such an extent that it absolutely frightened the two geologists, who said, "This can never be; it is impossible to suppose that the whole country can ever have been covered with ice." Many years afterwards something of the same kind of scepticism occurred about the flint implements when they began to be found so universally and in such enormous quantities.

At Ambleside Spedding and myself met Douglas Heath by arrangement, and we had a long walk along Grasmere and Rydal Water with Hartley Coleridge, whose talk gave one

some notion of what that of his father may have been like. We had tea in the afternoon with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and he showed us his beautiful garden. It contained an avenue of hollyhocks—a flower at that time seldom to be met with in gentlemen's gardens, and only to be seen in those of cottages. Wordsworth was very proud of them, and said that they had a sceptral grandeur about them. We stayed so long with him that our dinner at the inn at Ambleside came to be much later than was intended, and when Hartley Coleridge dropped in, as we had asked him to do, in the evening, some wine was still on the table. His hand stole to it, and a single glass sufficed to set him off in a wonderful monologue, with some flashes of wit and eloquence, but for the most part hardly intelligible. In a recent Chinese rebellion a mandarin had been punished by being sawn in two, which Hartley Coleridge illustrated by dividing a piece of celery in a plate with a knife, and saying "He was dichotomised like that." We had been unable to secure a private room, and, dining as we were in the public room, the other occupants left their own tables and gathered round ours

to listen to Hartley's rhapsodies. Fortunately it was a fine moonlight night, and we could adjourn to the garden, where his discourse continued, and finally we walked home with him to his cottage in the neighbourhood. He came to breakfast with us next morning, and again delighted us with such talk as we had enjoyed in the morning of the previous day.

This year I had been appointed to revise in East Cumberland with one colleague, Spencer Stanhope, whom I found a most agreeable and gentlemanly companion. It was the pleasantest district on circuit to travel, from the beauty of its scenery, and it suited me especially, as it enabled me to see my friends at Mirehouse and Keswick with great convenience. But we had a good deal to do, finding the lists of voters in a bad and neglected condition. We put them, however, into good order, from which I profited in subsequent years, as I continued in this district as long as I was a revising barrister. At most of the places we had to sit long and late, insomuch that I was not able to get away to see several things which I had marked down as to be seen. We dined and slept a night at Colonel Coulson's of Blenkinsopp, on the rail-

way between Newcastle and Carlisle, and saw displayed on his table and sideboard the old plate of the Newcastle Corporation, sold after the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, and bought by him. Each cup and tankard bore an inscription to the following effect: "This piece of plate, formerly the property of the ancient and loyal Corporation of Newcastle, and sold by their unworthy successors, was bought by Colonel Coulson of Blenkinsopp to show his attachment to the old institutions of the country."

We were also entertained by Sir James Graham's brother, the parson of Arthuret, close to Netherby, and had a couple of days at Lowther Castle, where the only other guest was Wordsworth, whom it was a great privilege to meet again, and who was my guide through the park and as much of the neighbouring country as lay within the compass of a walk. It was delightful to hear him discourse on the ways and manners of the people of the country, and his talk on the birds and the flowers and wild animals was full of interest. I was glad, too, to have some good Conservative ideas from him, as I had so lately been

living with Whigs, and could not rejoice when among them over the recent majority of 91 against Lord Melbourne's Government, and the consequent return of Sir Robert Peel to office.

TEMPLE, *23d October* 1841.

DEAR E.—On Monday I went to Cambridge, which I found less agreeable than I expected. Several people whom I had counted on finding there were absent, and the others, having become college tutors and university officers, had their hands so full of business that I saw little of them, and altogether I wanted somebody to play with while I was there. One cannot expect college life to stand still at the exact place where one found it most delightful; people will grow old, and cares and carkings will come cranking in everywhere. Then the time of year, the feel of the air, and the sight of the freshmen in their new gowns reminded me of my own freshman's term—a time which I hated. I think I have determined on taking certain rooms in chambers next door to these, into which I shall soon be moving. K—— is kindly anxious to provide me with some of her protégés from the country to form my establishment, but I am happy in not having to trouble her. It will not be a very large one, and I shall try to get on, for some time at least, without a groom of the chambers, a butler, a page, and even without a man-cook or confectioner, or still-room maid. She wants to send one of her *ci-devant* pupils to me, that I may look after his morals—but it is quite enough to have to take care of one's own.

Towards the end of this year I moved into

No. 1 King's Bench Walk, in a set of chambers occupying two floors, the rest of which were used by Pulleine and Philip Smith, afterwards a Master in the Queen's Bench. I had been previously accommodated with a room in my father's very large set of chambers at No. 1 King's Bench Walk, in which he had succeeded Sir James Scarlett upon his becoming Chief Baron, and in which he was himself succeeded by Thesiger on his own appointment to the same post on the Judicial Bench. My rooms looked upon a garden in the rear, which belonged to the Alienation Office, long since abolished, and upon which a hideous building, I believe for lecture-rooms, has since been erected. It was not kept in good order, but there was some green about it. At night and in the early morning there was always to be heard the rumbling and clatter of printing-presses in Bouverie Street.

Venables and Harry Lushington lived together in chambers on the top-floor in Mitre Court Buildings, and when light was to be seen in their windows it was always a tempting invitation to go up and enjoy a Cambridge evening in the Temple. The ascent of the

rockets from the Surrey Gardens at the close of the night's amusements at that place of entertainment was often the signal for our own breaking up. Then and for long afterwards Spedding was in rooms on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here also there would be frequent gatherings, with some additions, of old Cambridge friends.

LONDON, *25th November* 1841.

DEAR E.—Last night I was at one of Sir Robert Inglis's conversaziones, such as he gives at this time of year, and where one always meets many notabilities. Judges, dignitaries of the Church, artists, scientifics, literati, etc., with a sprinkling of ladies to make things a little brighter. Yesterday evening we had the new bishop of New Zealand, and the maker of Jerusalem bishops, M. Bunsen, the Prussian minister and champion of Protestant church principles; Colonel Chesney, late of the Euphrates; Mr. Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, whom everybody was congratulating on having "got through," as if he were a University man who had expected to be plucked in an examination; Dr. Chambers, Mr. Carlyle, Babbage, and so forth. People come at nine and go at eleven, and it answers very well. Your cousin seems to have been rusticated from Oxford upon very slight provocation. No doubt, however, it is a sign of the times, and an instance of the progress of that University towards Popery, that a young man should be so severely punished for letting off a squib on the 5th of November.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

The year's diversions ended, as they had begun, with a county ball at Guildford, when I was again the guest of T—— at B——, and both times had the honour of dancing and talking much with Florence Nightingale.

LONDON, *25th January* 1842.

MY DEAR E.—It is a whole holiday in all the Courts, in honour of the Prince of Wales, and therefore I have time to write to you. Lord Denman, who was invited to the christening, and Tindal, who careth not, immediately granted the holiday when applied for by the Attorney-General; but Lord Abinger, who takes it ill that he has not been invited, was of the humour of Mr. Korbes, the fox in the German story, who went to bed without his supper, by way of revenge after a number of contrary events. He said in answer to the application, "I do not see how we can observe the day better, or show our loyalty to the Queen more, than by continuing to administer her justice upon it." This sentiment, however, met with no approbation, and the Court of Exchequer shares the general benefit of the day. I believe you are right in complaining of my letters, but *our* village is too large for gossip, and I can tell you nothing that you will not learn sooner and better from the papers.

Nor can I tell you anything of Miss Kemble or Mr. Lonsdale, or whether one is a better singer than the other would be a bishop, whether he would preach better on the stage than she would act in the pulpit, although I have heard both recently. But you don't tell me who Mr. Harvey is, and you know what a great interest I take in all Binfield

affairs. When I go and settle in the country you shall have plenty of gossip, nothing shall go unchronicled; but at present would you like to know that my laundress is at feud with the other laundresses on the staircase; that my clerk asked for a holiday on Saturday night and got it, though I cannot tell you whether he went to the play or not? This is my gossip.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

Early in 1842 I remember dining with Thackeray at the modest abode then occupied by him in Great Coram Street—or as we usually called it, Great Joram Street. His wife was there, and the only other guest was Henry Reeve. It must have been on this or some similar occasion that, walking together round and round Russell Square, Thackeray told me that he had received an intimation from the conductors of *Fraser's Magazine* that he must cut short and bring to a speedy conclusion his story of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," which contains certainly some of the most charming and most pathetic things ever written by him. But the public did not like it, and it was not until after *Vanity Fair* appeared that he obtained any general popularity, and the difficulty which occurred in finding a publisher for that masterpiece is well known.

Macready was now bringing out *Acis and Galatea*, one of the most signal successes of his managements. In it, by the art of Stanfield, scenic effects were carried to their utmost legitimate limits, and the opening scene, with the waves breaking gently along the front of the stage, has never been surpassed.

LONDON, *7th February* 1842.

"MY DEAR E.—The *Letters from the Baltic* are written by Miss Rigby of Norwich, and having told you so much, you have all I know about her; but she has had the merit of writing one of the most deservedly popular books of the day. And why cannot you afford to praise her without disparaging Miss Austen, of whom you have said inferentially, what I am sure you will be sorry to have said, "want of tone and character"? And this to me, who go about the world trying people, especially young ladies, by their acquaintance with and liking of her novels—me, who constantly hear it said that she is second only to Shakespeare; who firmly believe that one of her volumes is worth more in real usefulness than twenty waggonloads of Mrs. Fordyce, or ——, or ——, etc. etc. I leave blanks, not to be invidious, but you may fill them up with the names of almost any moral and religious writers. No; you may admire Miss Rigby as much as you please, and exclude the other altogether, but comparisons are "odorous."

On Saturday took place the Northern Circuit dinner to Cresswell, on his being made a judge. It was at the Clarendon Hotel. Picture to yourself thirty gentlemen sitting down at half-past seven in a gilded room, the Attorney-

General at the head of the table, and Sir John Bayley as croupier. Language fails in attempting to describe the *matériel* of the dinner—the soups, the *entrées*, etc.; the wines—among which was a brown sherry of 1811, most curious; Nassau Steinberg, very fine. Of this wine a quantity equal to six hundred bottles was once sold from the Duke of Nassau's cellar, hard by the vineyard, at a price equal to twenty shillings the bottle. It was a cask of three ohms, wine of 1822, sold in 1836, and was "the bride of the cellar," the name given to the choicest cask. Then there was a White Hermitage, of which Bayley said: "This reminds me of a wine I once got in travelling. I was with another man going out of Lyons, when the carriage broke down, and while they were setting it to rights, we went into a little inn by the roadside, where they brought us some White Hermitage. It was so good that we did not leave the house until we had drunk it all." I asked how long that was. "About three weeks," he said. I was lost in admiration at the philosophy of this way of travelling.

What a plaguy world this is! Here am I with my fractional share of interest in a clerk. One of my co-proprietors is just come into my room, with a face of wrath and brow of care, to denounce the unfortunate boy as a common liar, and to request a meeting of the shareholders may be called to take the matter into consideration. Alas! I had my contributions to make to the stock of accusation, and we shall have to see what to do. The only perfect life is at an inn. What does it matter to you if the waiters lie? it cannot be their interest to deceive you. What if the chambermaids?—it is avowedly their vocation in which they are to labour. What if Boots be utterly lost to all sense of truth?—let him be a Fernandez Mendez Pinto—

will Warren's Jet shine with less brilliancy under his hands? Then you have ready obedience, ever-waiting smiles, active anxiety for your comfort, and no trouble, no responsibilities, no morals to look after. We must get up a society for the advancement of morality among barristers' clerks—a much neglected class; many temptations, the weight of too much liberty, and with no advice. Exeter Hall must certainly do something for them, as well as for the London tigers, who are known to be in a state of great spiritual destitution.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

LONDON, *24th February* 1842.

MY DEAR E.—On Tuesday I dined at the Sterling Club, and, contrary to all experience, found myself one of three only. The others were a clergyman and a lord, and one of them had never dined at the club before. Trench was the clergyman; he grows more cheerful, and is excellent company. The other was Lord Ebrington—well informed, lively, and amusing; and we sat till half-past ten, only pitying those who were not there. I met Macaulay at dinner at T. F. Ellis's house last week, in a small company where he was quite at home, and had perfect liberty, without taking it, to talk as much as he pleased. What an enormous memory he has, recollecting every scrap, good, bad, and indifferent, of all his vast reading. He has great vivacity and earnestness, but seems too hard, too formed and finished. One felt that one would rather read it in a book, and lay it down when one was tired, than be obliged to sit and listen to it all; and one longed for some of those rare flashes of silence which Sydney Smith says he most admires in him. His next article in the *Edinburgh Review* is to be on Frederick the Great.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

NORTHERN CIRCUIT, LIVERPOOL,
25th March 1842.

MY DEAR E.—I will try to get the book of the Prophet Priessnitz here, and in the meantime, upon the faith of your representations, will begin with the universal element, advancing by degrees from wine-glasses to tumblers, and from them to bowls, until my practice reaches the proper number of bucketsful. His theory, however, as you state it, seems to depend upon an unwarrantable assumption that water should have universal empire over the human system as well as over that of other animals. But how does he know that it has universal empire over that of other animals? The universal empire of wine would be much easier to prove than this of water; and a strong body of authorities, from Anacreon down to the author of the "Three Jolly Post-Boys Drinking at the Dragon," might be collected where the praises and medicinal virtues of wine and spirituous liquors have been said or sung. The "Lay of the Dragon" will even acquire a high historical value as illustrating the habits and opinions of an extinct race of men—or, at least, rapidly becoming so—and far more interesting than Mr. Catlin's Red Indians. Alas for the pleasures of the road—the smacking whip, the neat boot, the bowing ostlers, the mild glass of roadside ale, the hasty snack, but taken when and where you pleased, not "lunching to please a railway company" in the vast arena of a Birmingham or Derby refreshment-room. Gone, too, are all buxom and welcome smilings of landladies, all smirkings of napkined waiters. But you get from London to any place within two hundred miles in ten hours, and there lies the advantage. And there was a most beautiful sunset last night, which was none the less beautiful from being seen from the windows of a railway carriage in motion at the

rate of five-and-twenty miles an nour ; and then you step out cool and collected, and go and eat your dinner as if nothing had happened. There is none of the heat and fever, the jaded but excited feeling which provoked, but at the same time forbade, the enjoyment of a vinous meal, and left one in prudence to a poor refection of the small creature tea, reinforced perhaps with an egg or two.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

TEMPLE, 11*th April* 1842.

MY DEAR E.—I left Liverpool on Thursday, after a fortnight of business and idleness spent in that town. I had more to do than ever before, and a very little business serves to give one a sense of occupation. From the necessity it imposes of always being in the way, and aware of what is going forward, it fills up far more time than is required for its actual transaction when it is reached. The Lord-Lieutenant, coming from Ireland to take a six weeks' holiday, was in the train. At Birmingham, with his party, he came and sat down to dinner with every one else in the large room, your railway being a great leveller. Next me was a man very busy with a plate of soup. At last he looked up, and found he was sitting right opposite to Lord De Grey. "Is not that the Lord-Lieutenant?" he whispered with a strong brogue. And then, being assured that he was right in supposing it to be so, covered with blushes and in an agony of confusion, he asked, "Is this a public table?" fancying that nothing but the grossest breach of propriety on his own part could have placed him in the immediate neighbourhood of his sovereign at table. After this he opened his eyes more than his mouth, and feasted them more than himself during the rest of the repast. I have got Claridge's book. It is a mere catchpenny publi-

cation, but seems to tell all that is to be told. Except in a desperate case, it would not tempt me to go to Graefenburg, and I take the liberty of disbelieving the greater part of the cures said to be performed by Priessnitz. If he were anything but an ignorant empiric, he would not neglect to avail himself of the indications of the pulse, etc., which it appears he never uses, but relies upon a sort of magnetic or instinctive insight into the case of every patient. Up to a certain point I am a great believer in the virtues of cold water. I owe a great exemption from ordinary colds to the constant use of cold affusion every morning; and a glass of cold water at night is useful in colds. The merits of the douche-bath are well known and recognised, and I daresay that if water was more generally used, with the occasional mixture of a *quant. suff. sapon. commun.*, there would be less work for the doctors. But unless you have something to say to the contrary, from the experience of your house, and which I shall be very happy to hear, I hold M. Priessnitz to be a humbug of the *first water*.—
Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

My father was now Attorney-General, and gave his Queen's Birthday dinner, or rather two dinners, at his own house in Guildford Street, dividing the party into two sections, with an interval of a day between them. I had the honour of attending as junior counsel to the Woods and Forests. The annual dinner of the Cambridge Conversazione Society took place this year at Blackwall, under the presidency of Venables,

and Maurice was chosen to preside on the next occasion. The Summer Circuit was varied for me by my going all round, and the following letter was written in the interval between Carlisle and Lancaster:—

BOWNESS, *24th July* 1842.

MY DEAR E.—I think I wrote last from Carlisle. There was little to do there; and in the middle of the second day after our arrival there most people were at liberty to dispose of themselves at their own pleasure. Ingham (the late member for South Shields) carried F. Robinson and myself with him to visit Mr. Hasell, the chairman of Quarter Sessions, and colonel of yeomanry of the two counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. His house of Dalemain stands about a mile and a half from the foot of Ullswater—a George the First mansion of stone, with nine windows in front and eight on the side—which, being built of sandstone, was red when Gray the poet wrote his letters from the lakes, where it is so described. Both inside and outside are little changed since the time when it was built and furnished by a Dutch merchant of that period, who, from a fortune made in trade, restored the drooping condition of an old family, and left it enriched by this house and other matters. An oak-panelled drawing-room, with an Indian cabinet, old china, and scanty curtains of light blue silk, and portraits, among whom were Anne, the triple countess, an Earl of Northumberland, and an Earl of Cumberland who was a great admiral in Elizabeth's time; a roomy staircase, long gallery, the state bedroom, in which I was accommodated, and slept under a tester of gold cornicing and silk embroidery, a little cupid hovering over me in

each corner, with old-fashioned fittings on the toilet-table, were all in keeping with each other and the character of the place. The owner, a good specimen of an English country gentleman, seldom visiting London, but devoted to his duties in his counties, of some university fame at Oxford in his day, where he was at Oriel with Ingham. All this, with the suddenness of my introduction, and the heartiness of my welcome, reminded me of a scene in Mr. Ward's novels, of Mr. Manners and the Grange in *De Clifford*, or the same character and the same place which occur under different names in all his books. Mr. Hasell, however, though not ignorant of letters, and somewhat indolently given, is, I take it, a more useful member of society than Ward allows his recluses to be; besides he is married, and has children and a governess.

Friday we spent boating on Ullswater, landing at two or three places. We saw Airey Force, a small but very pretty cascade, the rocks and shrubs more happily placed about it to give the best effect. The sun was bright, and a patch of prismatic colours danced in the spray. I am glad to see Ullswater again, having seen almost all the other lakes more recently than it. It is large, and possesses a good deal of variety. Yesterday I left Dalemain very early with Robinson. We drove to breakfast at Patterdale, and enjoyed a fine prospect of the lake all the way; the water was glassy smooth, every hill and tree mirrored exactly in it, so that you could not distinguish the boundary-line between land and water—this is a great beauty of lake scenery—and landwards, on our own side of the lake, were the long shadows resting in the dew. Why don't people get up early every day?

About ten o'clock, with a country fellow to show us the way (I won't call him a guide, because I was not a tourist),

we set out to mount Helvellyn. Our luggage we despatched in a car by Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside, to await our arrival there. The sun was very hot, and the labour was rather severe, but two hours and a half's time placed us on the summit. This is connected with the shoulder of the mountain by which we had ascended by a long steep ridge called Striding Edge, of which I had heard a good deal; and it certainly might easily turn a weak head. It is a narrow way, where you tread on the edges of strata of slate, like the top of a house-roof, but more abrupt, and with a descent of considerable depth on each side; on the left you look down into Grisedale, on the right upon a tarn called Red Tarn, from which the mountain rises in a sheer rugged escarpment. This part reminded me of Cader Idris, where there is also a small lake, lying as it were at the bottom of a crater. Striding Edge is one of the most remarkable things I have seen, and with sufficient zest of danger to make it interesting even on that score. My companion, an Alpine traveller, had seen nothing like it in Switzerland. After this was passed, a sharp short ascent crowned our labours. The view from the top is very fine; you are in the middle of the mountainous district, and you see mountain-tops and ridges in ten or twelve distances—the far view, owing to the haze of a hot day, was not very distinct; but this was of no great importance, and I got a better notion of the country than before. Skiddaw, with which I was before best acquainted, lies apart from the other mountains; you see them from it at a distance, and are not among them, and of them, as when on Helvellyn. Having made ourselves familiar with the view from the top, we commenced our descent. A little way from the top lies a well of pure water, never known to fail, and springing out at once from the ground in crystal purity. Here we rested and

reposed a while, and indulged in some botanical disquisitions, not occasioned, however, by anything native to the mountain. We were shown the way down into the turnpike road from Keswick to Ambleside, and had no difficulty in making our way into it. A walk of five or six miles completed the mountain course to the latter place. Here we joined our baggage, and resumed the dignity of chaise-travellers to Bowness, where my companion's brother was expecting him—a Northamptonshire parson—whose velocity is equal to zero, but perfectly harmless. Dinner and a stroll by Windermere finished yesterday.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

CHAPTER IX

A SINGULAR LUNATIC

YORK Assizes came last in 1842, and were made very pleasant to me by a week's visit from Kenneth Macaulay. Among other sights we went over the Lunatic Asylum, and saw a patient, a rough-looking Yorkshire farmer, whose absurd delusion consisted in fancying himself in the same state as the Queen during her confinements and the months preceding them. He would insist upon having his clothes let out from time to time, took great care of himself, and when the happy events took place which caused so much joy throughout the nation, he would express himself much relieved, and expected to be congratulated. But at these assizes there was also the beginning of some heavy work for me.

Early in August serious Chartist riots had commenced, the design being to obtain the granting of the so-called Points of the Charter by intimidation, and procuring a general cessation from all labour. The military had been called out in many places in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, and much damage had been done to mills and private houses; but the usual mode of proceeding was to draw the plugs in the boilers of the steam-engines which drove the machinery of the mills, thus rendering them for the time incapable of working, but not doing any serious permanent mischief, and resulting in the same effect as the temporary spiking of a gun. The trials of the men concerned in these offences began at the York Summer Assizes, and I was engaged in them for the Crown. Later on there were Special Commissions for the counties of Chester, Lancaster, and Stafford, which sat in October. Tindal, Parke, and Rolfe were the judges at Stafford; Abinger, Alderson, and Cresswell went to the other two counties. During my revising circuit I was engaged in drawing the indictments for Chester and Liverpool from the depositions sent to me, and I had a couple of

days' hard work upon them at Manchester, where I went to meet Mr. Gregory, of the well-known firm of solicitors in Bedford Row, to whom was delegated by the Treasury the business of the two northern commissions. At Chester the three judges sat together for a short time, and then separate courts were formed, and I was told off to that of Baron Alderson, with Mr. Hill, the attorney-general for the County Palatine of Chester, as my leader. He was an excellent specimen of a country gentleman, and very pleasant to have to do with, but a good deal of the work was left to me. It was said of him that he insisted on having a brief in every criminal prosecution at Chester, whether extraordinary or not, and that he always had one, by threatening to enter a *nolle prosequi* if not delivered to him. I fancy he was the last attorney-general of the County Palatine of Chester. From Chester we went to Liverpool, where I was with Wortley as my leader in Cresswell's court. At Liverpool a true bill for conspiracy was found against Feargus O'Connor and fifty-six others, but being for a misdemeanour, it was traversed to the ensuing Spring Assizes.

LONDON, *1st November* 1842.

DEAR E.—My personal narrative is this: Carstairs became wintry in the extreme, and not all the warmth within of hearts and fires could prevent the conclusion that it was time, by the weather as well as by the calendar, for Southrons to be going south. It had snowed all one day and night, and the snow lay thick on the ground. So on Wednesday into Glasgow, where I put up at the professorial house of Edmund Lushington—probably the first and last use I shall make of his house in that sort, for he, being just married, will on his return home most likely decline the business of innkeeping. The following morning I went to see where all the tea, and milk, and rolls, and eggs, and soup, and fish, and meat, wine, beer, etc. etc., came from upon which I had been living for ten days—not to speak of the house itself, the bed I rested on, etc. etc. This was to see the Monteith Dye and Print Works, which occupied a whole morning of great interest; and here the Eastern magnificence of Robert Monteith came out in the shape of a present of a rich robe to his departing guest—a handsome piece of velvet for a dressing-gown. Thursday night on board the *Fire-King* for Liverpool—a pleasant passage; Friday night at Birmingham, and on Saturday to town.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

LONDON, *1st December* 1842.

DEAR E.—Did you hear of Mons. Lambert's letter of congratulation on our Indian successes? He began with comparing "M. votre oncle le General Pollock" in turn to Leonidas (a name which would have been more appropriate for the chieftain of the Khyber Pass), to Alexander the Great, and to Cæsar, and as he went along he warmed and grew less formal, till at last he spoke of Pollock; then fol-

lowed an apology for the omission of any prefix of title; then an apology for the apology, ending with "on ne dit pas, *Monsieur* César, que je sache." While on the subject of French good things, I may tell you another. In a bookstall near Oxford Street is to be seen a book labelled "French—The Prodigious Infant," meaning to inform the public that the book in question was written in that language, and to convey by a translation into English the title of the work, to the best of the stall-keeper's abilities. It was a "History of the Prodigal Son," "L'Enfant Prodigue."
—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

The trial of Feargus O'Connor and the other Chartists took place before Baron Rolfe at the Spring Assizes at Lancaster in 1843. It lasted eight days, and in more recent days would probably have occupied a much longer time, and might fairly have done so, considering the number of persons put on their trial together, and the number of witnesses and counsel engaged in the case.

YORK, 14*th March* 1843.

MY DEAR COUSIN—You will have heard of the good opinions won by your kinsman, Baron Rolfe, for his conduct as judge in the great Chartist trial. But, in truth, he was *infelix operis summâ*, his summing up fell very short of our expectations. It was feeble, frigid, and timid; he frittered away the whole of our case, and this I say without imputing to him any want of impartiality, for he was per-

fectly free from fault in that respect; but either he was fatigued by his extraordinary exertions during so many days, or else in the great pains he had taken to dissect the evidence—picking out the parts which applied to each person, and which was a most necessary part of his duty—he totally lost sight of the great features of the case. The result, however (at present at least), is satisfactory, and the trial will have answered its object. The day occupied by the speeches of several of the defendants was an interesting one. Baron Rolfe said at dinner that they reminded him of the Puritans, which I did not think a happy remark. They all spoke well, with great propriety and power of language; and although this was the less remarkable, as most of them were paid orators who had been for two or three years in the constant habit of speaking, yet they surprised us all by their eloquence. But there was about them a want of that deep, self-denying enthusiasm which distinguished the Puritans; on the contrary, mere selfish vanity, and the lowest ambition of personal notoriety, appeared to be the leading motives of the Chartists. A cool set of people they were too. One of the more respectable among them, the editor of the *Northern Star*, with whom I had exchanged neither word nor look, seeing a paper of biscuits handed to me, in the middle of one of the latter days of the trial, familiarly taps me on the shoulder with, "Mr. Pollock, will you share your store with a conspirator?" Of course, as good humour and conciliation was the order of the day, I made no objection, and allowed him to partake of my moist and jovial viands as he pleased. It was a new thing indeed for a political trial of such length and importance to have been conducted without the slightest approach to acrimony or bad feeling.

—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,
30th May 1843.

MY DEAR COUSIN—I am writing in the committee-room of the club, and holding an inquest upon a plate of cold beef, which has been objected to by some fastidious gentleman at breakfast this morning, and which has been reserved for the actual inspection and judgment of the governing body. Well, the beef is condemned, and the complaint in respect of it is sustained. Another man complains of *cotelettes à la soubise*, because they are dressed with onions, which is their *nature to*, insomuch that I remember James W—— once maintaining that *soubise* was French for onion. You ask about the Yorkshire ball and my duties, which were nothing, as I knew would be the case when I accepted the arduous office of steward. The only piece of responsibility which I took upon myself was to put in my pocket a white rosette, intended for the buttonhole, and handed to me for my use by a functionary at the door.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

During the Summer Circuit at York, Frank Garden was passing through on his way north, and dined with me at the circuit table. He repaid my hospitality with the remark that he had often dined at visitation dinners, and had always before thought the clergy the ugliest set of men to be seen, but that now he must award the palm of ill looks to the lawyers; and I daresay he was quite right. Barristers, whether in or out of their wigs, have never

been celebrated for their beauty; but in my own experience the most remarkable assemblage of male ugliness ever witnessed by me was at a meeting of the French Scientific Institute in Paris, to which I was admitted by M. Mohl. But then the ugliness was of a gigantic and intellectual type, which soared high above all ordinary criticism, and the total effect was really a grand one.

Between York and Lancaster I spent a fortnight, in lodgings at Scarborough with Thompson, seeing much of the neighbouring country and places.

SCARBOROUGH, *30th July* 1843.

MY DEAR COUSIN—I have been here nearly a week, which has slipped by very fast. The great charm of this place is, that one can enjoy the sea without losing the pleasures of the land; the main and the plain are compatible. You can hear together the roar of the breakers and the inland sound of wind among the trees. You can snuff the sea-breezes at the same time that the air is full of the perfume of hayfields, and other sweet odours peculiar to the country proper. Yesterday, taking a long walk to the northward over the cliffs, a most beautiful and unexpected piece of scenery presented itself—a deep winding dell, called here a wyke, interrupted the cliff. It was profusely wooded up the sides, and along its bottom ran a little pebbly stream. At one place, within a stone's throw of the beach, it essayed a little fall over a ledge of rock;

below was a still pool, all round rock and foliage. It might have been a hundred miles inland, so entirely did it seem to belong to the fauns and the dryads, and yet within a few yards lay the haunts of the tritons and the sea-nymphs. The deities of land and sea might have joined in their dances, if they are on good terms, which from so close a neighbourhood may be doubted. There are many objects of interest to be visited from hence, all of which I hope may be achieved, if the weather is fine, during the ten or twelve days we propose to spend here.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

SCARBOROUGH, *6th August* 1843.

MY DEAR E.—You are not mistaken in supposing that I am looking with the liveliest interest to your bazaar on Tuesday. Somebody should have painted for you an allegorical picture of Fortune, attended by the Muses and Graces (to signify the young ladies who have devoted their accomplishments to the good work), and offering to assist Charity by giving her a safe ride upon her wheel. Charity is usually represented by a middle-aged woman, with more children clinging about her than even the nurse of a foundling hospital was ever known to undertake, and as many as would give occupation to a nursery governess, head-nurse, under-nurse, and nursery-maids Nos. 1, 2, 3, in a well-conducted private family. These might be disposed in the most interesting manner, and as the object is to enable two ladies to establish a school, Apollo and Minerva might also be introduced, and any spare space filled in with medallions of Pestalozzi, Mrs. Theresa Tidy, Lord Brougham, Lindley Murray, Confucius, Peter Parley, and other celebrated characters of ancient and modern times connected with "educational movements." If you see anything of this kind, I

wish you would be so good as to purchase it for me at the bazaar, which you say has been added to the lottery scheme; or if there is not anything so appropriate to the occasion, then perhaps you will oblige me by getting whatever you like for me, and giving it to your Miss M—— as a *cadeau de voyage* from me.

Yesterday we went by mail to Bridlington, intending to spend a night there and see Flamborough Head; but on arriving there I liked the look of the place so little that, finding wind and tide propitious, and a fine boat to be had, I prevailed on Thompson to return by sea to Scarborough, before we had been ten minutes in Bridlington. In passing we saw Flamborough Head well enough. It is composed of what geologists very properly call inferior chalk, and it certainly is very inferior to the chalk of the Isle of Thanet, Brighton, and the Isle of Wight. No one who has seen Freshwater Bay need take the trouble of going to see inferior chalk cliffs. However, we had a pleasant voyage back, though twenty-two miles in six hours was not very fast travelling. Afterwards we thought it lucky that we were not at sea all night in an open boat, which we might have been if the wind had dropped or become decidedly foul. I have determined to remain here till Friday, when I must go to Lancaster. I shall be sorry when the time for going comes. It is a delightful place, and our quarters here are excellent—part of the reason for the sudden start to get back again yesterday. We have a delightful window overlooking the sea; my bedroom, a perfect paradise of white dimity, does the same. We have a frugal but patriotic fare of roast joint, cold the next day, hashed the third. It would make Andrew Marvel's ghost wonder that what he would call courtiers should be so content with it.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

After circuit was over there was another visit to Scotland, when I assisted, in company with Robert Monteith, at the reception of the Marquis of Douglas and his bride, the Princess Marie of Baden, at Hamilton Castle. Then followed a visit to Colin Blackburn's family at Killearn, and one to the Duke and Duchess of Montrose at Buchanan.

TEMPLE, *19th October* 1843.

MY DEAR E.—I got to town early on Tuesday morning, tumbled into bed at the Euston Hotel, and came here after breakfast to find your note, among others that had been too late for me at Carlisle. My little revising circuit made itself out pleasantly enough. The work was not oppressive, and out of twelve days I only dined with myself four days. I finished on Thursday, and on that day went to Halsteads, old Mr. Marshall's house on Ullswater, where I spent two days, and then two more at Patterdale, at the house of one of his sons, but then lent to Greig (Mrs. Somerville's son), who was my host. It was cold, but not too cold for boating on the lake, and very clear. Helvellyn and the higher peaks were in snow; and though the trees still wore their liveries of summer green, yet the hill-sides had begun to assume their winter tones, and, seen under the slanting rays of the autumn sun, showed many fine effects of light and shade. For the first time I believed in the truth of what lake residents say of the superior beauty of their country in winter, which I used to think a paltry attempt to show their own advantages over a mere summer visitor. I have seen F—— and little F——, who has a new rock-

ing-horse, which she half supposes is alive. The other day, filled with anxiety for its future welfare, she asked, "Pray, mamma, when we go to heaven, will the rocking-horse go too?"—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

In 1843 there were Winter Circuits at York and Liverpool for the trial of prisoners only, and I went to the latter place to look after my friends of the Mint.

LIVERPOOL, *18th December* 1843.

MY DEAR E.—It is strange to be dating a letter from this place at this time. But my duty to our sovereign lady the Queen, who is a good mistress to me, has brought me here, and here I must be content to be. Sir James Graham, with all his unpopularity, never did so unpopular a thing as creating these Winter Assizes, but here is enough of incarcerated innocence and guilt to justify them, which, perhaps, has not always been the case in other places. To judge, bar, jurors, and all other functionaries, the whole thing is no doubt a nuisance. Even the prisoners dislike it; nine-tenths of them are guilty, and know they are sure of being convicted, and every schoolboy would rather be flogged this day week than to-day; so that probably the prisoners, if consulted, would prefer remaining comfortably in gaol for the rest of the winter, instead of being brought to trial now. Nevertheless, if it can be done without any overwhelming objection of inconvenience, it is better that justice should be speedily administered, and that the guilty should be consigned to punishment, and the innocent relieved from accusation, with as little delay as possible.

LONDON, *21st December*.—The former part of this note was written, as you may see, at Liverpool, where I only

remained for three nights, and returned to town yesterday, having despatched my peculiar duties to the Crown, and not thinking it worth while to stay for the chance of other business. On Monday I dined with the judge (Crompton), his sister, and his daughter Mary, "the belle of the ball." All his family were to join him in the course of the week. They were to spend Christmas at Sir Thomas Birch's, and I was invited to be of the party. To-day an invitation has come for me to spend from Thursday next, five or six days, with the family of Mr. Herries at St. Julian's. The programme includes a dance at Lady Emily Hardinge's, and a New Year's Eve ball at Seven Oaks, and the Herries party being a particular pleasant one, of course I shall go.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

This visit to St. Julian's led up to the happiest and most important event in my life—my marriage, which took place early in the next year.

Lord Abinger died while on the Norfolk Circuit, during the Spring Assizes of 1844, and my father was appointed to succeed him as Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. At that time, and until the passing of the Judicature Act in 1873, every barrister not already a serjeant-at-law was required to take the degree of the Coif, as a necessary qualification for a seat on the bench. In April I accompanied the newly-made Chief Baron as his *Colt* (the

so-called attendant on a serjeant at his making) to the Lord Chancellor's private room at Westminster. Here the round piece of white linen, representing the coif, was pinned upon the top of his wig by the Chancellor, and the new serjeant, thus fully confirmed in his degree, proceeded to the Court of Common Pleas, where a way was made through the centre of the counsels' seat to the front row, and according to ancient usage he "counted," that is, made a formal motion to the court. The rings given by every new serjeant to the Queen, the Chancellor, other judges and serjeants, in the present case bore the motto, "Jussa capessere fas est." The ordinary rings were of thin gold, about three-tenths of an inch wide, and of the supposed value of 13s. 4d. Those for the Queen and Lord Chancellor were long cylinders of thick gold, of the presumed value of five guineas each. It was formerly part of the duty of the "colt" to deliver the rings, but in modern times this was done by the goldsmith who supplied them. The next day the Chief Baron took his seat in court. It was rather diverting to note how, after due congratulations, the other barons, Gurney,

Alderson, Parke, and Rolfe, pressed their new Chief to give up the use of the large desk behind which Lord Abinger had sat on the bench, as being inconvenient, and to adopt a smaller one, like those of the Puisne Barons. No promise, however, was made at the time, and the big desk retained its place.

LONDON, *15th June* 1844.

MY DEAR E.—This morning we have been at Lady Shelley's. She gives *matinées* at Fulham, which are much the fashion, on Saturdays in June. The house is small, and the garden is not large but pretty. The weather was perfect for such an occasion, and the scene was very agreeable. J—— and I mutually did and suffered many introductions, and, excepting the waiting to get away, which fatigued her, we enjoyed it much. So you are to have Thesiger as your neighbour at the great house. His good spirits and good nature must make him liked wherever he goes, and I suppose that he will enliven the village sometimes with company from London. To-morrow week begins our tenancy of No. 21 Torrington Square, which is to be painted, etc., before we occupy it. The time for going into it must depend upon when it is ready for us.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

4th July. — Met Mendelssohn, the great musical composer, at the house of the Misses Alexander in Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park. He played some of his own music on the

piano, and I got a larger share of talk with him than I deserved. It was chiefly on the Greek drama, with which he seemed to be well acquainted. I was much struck by his fine face and expression and the excellence of his conversation.

The following letter was addressed to my father, then going the Northern Circuit as judge for the first time :—

TEMPLE, *26th July* 1844.

MY DEAR FATHER—Five Woods and Forests compensation cases came off on Thursday and yesterday, and there are one or two, or perhaps more, to come within a few days. This is a very lucrative and satisfactory kind of work, and I need not much regret to have missed some small briefs at Durham. I have also some work from the Customs, and I am glad to be in London for the Queen's jewel case. The papers have all been printed—their claim, our statement, and a reply which they have delivered to it. This, as might have been expected in general, only amounts to a sort of traverse of our propositions and inferences. But a good deal of space is devoted to an examination of the way in which the money was voted for the purchase of the Duke of Cumberland's[1] jewels, in order to show that it was voted for the king's private debts and not as "public money." This does not appear to me to require any answer on paper, but can be dealt with in argument before the Commissioners. There is another matter more important. The Holland narrative contains

[1] Of Dettingen and Culloden, uncle of George III.

a date of the 3d December 1760, which in the reply is assumed to be the date on which the whole was written which relates to the claim of the Duke of Cumberland and the division and valuation of the jewels. Hence, they say, none of the jewels adjudicated to belong to him can have been any of those deposited by George II. at Hanover, because these last jewels did not arrive in this country until January 1761, *i.e. after* the division and valuation was made. Supposing the whole narrative to have been written on the 3d December, our inference that the two classes of jewels contain many which are the same is not destroyed, because there may have existed in this country valued catalogues of the jewels at Hanover, such as copies of the "Gilt Books" would have been, by the assistance of which the division and valuation of the jewels might have been easily made without their actual presence in this country. But one must admit that if this turns out against us, that part of the argument would be somewhat weakened. I have pointed out this to Thesiger, and he has undertaken to write to Maule[1] and obtain through him, if it can be had, the opportunity of examining the original MSS. of the Holland narrative, with a view to see whether anything can be learnt from the actually recorded dates, the colour of the ink, mode of writing the journal in other parts, etc., which might clear the matter up. George Wilson reports that you are disposed to maintain the integrity of the Northern Circuit. I hope that the experience of the residue will not alter your determination, formed on that of York only.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

My wife accompanied me on the Summer

[1] Solicitor to the Treasury.

Circuit, and at York we were the guests of the Misses Crompton, at their well-known and hospitable house in Micklegate. Afterwards we paid visits in Scotland, and I again revised in Cumberland.

LAURISTON CASTLE,
EDINBURGH, 3*d September* 1844.

MY DEAR E.—Escaped from Liverpool to enjoy the abundant amenities of this place, we are very happy indeed. It is a perfect paradise for Rutherford. An old Scots house or chateau, tall and narrow, with its high-pointed, slate roof, decorated dormer windows, corner turrets, and winding stairs. The sometime seat of the Law family—the Laws of Lauriston—to which the famous projector of the Mississippi scheme belonged. It has received recent additions of large modern living rooms, which are not out of character with the old part. One of them is a very handsome and well-furnished library. It is a great delight to be turned loose in such a room to spend the morning in surveying the backs and titles of the many books, more than one can possibly read, but at the same time resolving internally to read them all. The windows command a fine view of the Forth, with the opposite coast of Fife, and a garden terrace affords a most convenient means of enjoying it. This is parted from the rest of the garden by a screen of evergreens, so that you may at will have this half-sea prospect, or be surrounded by shrubs and flowers without intrusion of the water. The seven miles width of water—more like a large lake than sea—is as much as pleases me. There is enough to give all the variety of colour which is so large an ingredient in the beauty of a

sea view, and there is not the uncomfortable feeling of illimitable extent, the almost oppressive sense of immensity and dreariness, which the great sea itself gives me after the first feeling of admiration has subsided. The whole sea is too large for me. I long for shelter and repose in some quiet nook. I do not exclaim with disappointment—

"Is this the mighty ocean; is this all?"

What I can see from a Sussex or Kent beach is as much and more than I want.

Rutherford himself is very agreeable, so is his wife; and we have the prospect of a very pleasant week before us, of seeing the country and some of its inhabitants. Captain Rutherford, R.E., is here, an old Woolwich friend of Uncle C——. He was also at the Cape, and succeeded the Major in his command at Manchester. We shall go, as at present advised, from hence to Carstairs, although it might be more convenient to make first a little tour in Perthshire. The bad accommodation of the Highland inns in the West determines us against going in that direction, but we may go to Dunkeld, Perth, Stirling, etc.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

CARLISLE, *28th September* 1844.

MY DEAR E.—This evening finds us established in a domestic circle of our own again, after the visiting of the last month. We left the Blackburns at Killearn yesterday, and slept at Glasgow, in order to be in time for the mail at 8 o'clock this morning, which brought us to a heavy tea in lodgings previously engaged for the Revising Barrister. We spent a week at Carstairs after leaving Lauriston, where J—— liked all my friends, and Mrs. Fullerton, always charming, in particular. Robert Monteith's absence deprived

the house of much of the entertainment which he gives to it, and I missed him a good deal; but the old Robert was no ways impaired by age, though older in some things than he was a year ago. After a week at Carstairs, we left it for Mr. Garden's cottage on the Gare Loch, where we enjoyed some sea-bathing, and had a delightful cruise of a day and the greater part of a night in Sir R. Gore Booth's yacht, seeing in that way Loch Long and Loch Goil, experiencing many varieties of breeze and calm, and getting many beautiful effects of light and darkness. We were becalmed in Loch Long, and had almost made up our minds to passing the night on board, for which there was accommodation for the whole party, when a wind sprung up, and gliding under it, and lighted by the stars in great brilliancy, we arrived at home at one in the morning. From this we went to Killearn, which is on the borders of the Highlands, and in the immediate neighbourhood of many interesting things. Indeed in the grounds themselves there is a notable waterfall, and a most romantic glen. On Saturday we were on Loch Lomond and took luncheon upon one of the islands; and on Tuesday we broke out into a little tour—by Aberfoyle, the Trossachs, and Loch Lomond — returning to Killearn again on Thursday. In the course of this we saw Loch Ard, which is most beautiful; Loch Katrine, which we did not see under such favourable circumstances of weather, and where one is much bored by the enthusiasm of guides and crowds of other tourists; and the upper part of Loch Lomond, besides a little of what may be called inland scenery up the river Falloch, into which a steamboat pushes its way almost among the branches of trees and bushes for two or three miles. We have been reading the *Amber Witch*, an interesting but rather strange book to

have been chosen for translation to appear in a popular miscellany.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

On 12th November (the Morrow of St. Martin's) the Chief Baron made his first appearance in the Exchequer, to take part in the ancient ceremony of the Nomination of Sheriffs, always held on that day. The proceedings were disturbed by an unusual incident. Baron Parke claimed to take precedence of the Chief Baron, as being a Privy Councillor of senior rank, which was the fact. My father would not create any delay or difficulty by asserting his rightful precedence at the time, and did not go into Court but left the question for subsequent settlement. The old order of precedence on this occasion had always been that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if present, should go in first and preside, and in his absence the Chief Baron. After them came the Lord Chancellor and other great officers of State taking part in the proceedings, and the rest of the judges in the usual order of their general rank. The circumstance of a puisne baron of elder Privy Council rank to that of the Chief Baron being present was not known to have occurred before. In the interviews and correspondence which

ensued, Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary, and Mr. Charles Greville, clerk of the Council, supported the claim of Baron Parke, but the matter was referred to the decision of Lord Lyndhurst and Sir Robert Peel, who upheld the ancient order of precedence. The right of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not disputed, and yet that high official, in the table of precedence, comes after Privy Councillors, and he takes his highest rank as a Privy Councillor, which in modern times he always is; and, in point of fact, the instances are very rare in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not attended and presided. When absent his place has been taken by the Chief Baron, even when the Lord Chancellor has been also present. Mr. C. Greville, in the third series of his *Memoirs*, mentions an occasion on the nomination of sheriffs when he tried to prevent Baron Alderson from voting, on the ground that it was a meeting of the Privy Council, and that Alderson was not a Privy Councillor. But this piece of presumption on his part was put down at once. In the Court of Exchequer at Westminster the arrangement of the great officers of State and

of the judges on the bench was a singular one. The Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Chief Baron sat at the extreme right of the bench, close to which was the seat of the Queen's Remembrancer, who reads out the names of the actual sheriffs and of gentlemen already nominated from the Roll last pricked by the Queen, and expunges the names of the sheriffs who are serving, and adds the fresh names as nominated. Along the bench, and sitting in order of precedence to the left, sat the Lord Chancellor and others in attendance. There is no tradition extant to explain this, but it may be conjectured that in the ancient Court of Exchequer at Westminster, which preceded that built by Sir John Soane about the year 1825, there was only one door opening on to the bench, and that this was on the left, so that the first person entering would go on to the opposite end of the bench before taking his seat. The nomination of sheriffs took place for the first time in the New Courts of Justice in 1883, when Lord Coleridge, as Chief Justice of England, represented the Chief Baron, whose office was merged in his own under the provisions of the Judicature Act, and pre-

sided accordingly. The order of sitting was then altered, and Lord Coleridge sat in the centre of the bench, with the other great officers and judges on both sides of him. The Queen's Remembrancer, as before, took his place on the extreme right and below the bench.

Early in 1845 began the hearing of the Crown jewels case, before Lords Lyndhurst, Langdale, and Chief-Justice Tindal, who sat as arbitrators on the respective claims of England and Hanover in the Chancellor's private room at Westminster. Upon the death of William IV. and the accession of the Duke of Cumberland to the throne of Hanover, a claim was made on his behalf to jewels in the possession of the Queen; which, if it had been conceded as made and in its integrity, would have deprived the crown of England of nearly all of them. It was pressed at first, and somewhat indecorously, in the shape of a suit in Chancery commenced against the executors of William IV. It afterwards became the subject of a diplomatic correspondence between the two governments, and was then referred to arbitration. One portion of the jewels was claimed as having been left to

Hanover by the will of George II.; and another as having been left in the same way by the will of Queen Charlotte. George II.'s jewels had been deposited by him for safe custody at Hanover some time previous to the date of his will, and one of the first acts of George III. after he became king was to send for them to England from Hanover. Queen Charlotte's jewels were chiefly those which had been provided for her at the expense of the English nation on the occasion of her marriage with George III., and consisted largely of diamonds purchased by a parliamentary grant from the Duke of Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Many questions arose upon the right of George II. and of Queen Charlotte to dispose of the jewels, as well as upon their identification with those in the possession of the crown of England on the decease of William IV.

On the hearing of the case before the arbitrators, which occupied several days, Sir Charles Wetherell and Kelly addressed them on behalf of the King of Hanover; Thesiger (Solicitor-General) and Wilde appeared for the Queen. The arbitrators sat at the upper end of the room, and tables were arranged on either

side for the counsel and solicitors. But when Wetherell began to speak, he very soon vindicated for himself a far larger space than properly belonged to him; for, as he warmed with the subject, he was not content to stand in his own place, but moved about on the floor, making longer and longer excursions, and gradually encroached upon us until we at the other table had to retreat before him, and were finally driven against the wall and could yield no further to his aggressions upon our territory, so that the scene was sometimes a very amusing one. The first-appointed arbitrators died without having made an award, but in 1857 certain of the jewels were sent back to Hanover under the terms of an award made by Lord Wensleydale, Sir William Page Wood, and Sir Laurence Peel, who had been appointed in their place.

20th January 1845.—To a performance of the *Antigone* at Covent Garden Theatre, with Mendelssohn's music; with Ellises, Merivales, and Macaulay. The choruses were recited by Vandenhoff, and Miss Vandenhoff was the Antigone. The play was appreciated by a fairly good audience, but was not often repeated. We had four copies of the play in Greek in the box,

and were quite ready to call for the author at the end; for it was to Sophocles himself that the success of the piece was due. Afterwards to sup with Ellis.

6th February.—Mansfield *v.* Grissel came on for trial in the Common Pleas. It was an action brought by the plaintiff, the tenant of a public-house in Bridge Street, Westminster, against a government contractor for injury done to his house and business in preparing the foundation for the clock tower of the new palace at Westminster. I was in the case with Serjeant Channell for the defendant, and Talfourd led for the plaintiff. He made a most admirable and effective speech to the jury, one of the finest I ever heard at the bar, and obtained a large sum for his client. I doubt whether Talfourd, at his best, has since his time been surpassed by any one in the eloquence of his language and in action—matters which seem to have since become very much neglected.

17th February.—Dined Brookfield's. Met Helps, Spedding, Kinglake.

LONDON, *21st February* 1845.

MY DEAR E.—I was going down Regent Street a day or two since, and saw in a shop window a copy of the

beautiful work of art so wantonly destroyed at the British Museum. I stopped to look at it, and found it was ticketed, "*The late lamented Portland Vase.*" I wondered that its posthumous honours had not been carried further, and that it was not complimented as being "*of glorious memory.*"[1]

24*th February.* — The trial of Captain Douglas came on at Guildhall for taking bribes from a native prince in India. He was Resident at Tanjore, and had been for some time in the regular receipt of a money allowance from the Rajah. The acceptance of presents by British officials was made a misdemeanour by a statute passed towards the end of the last century, under which only one prosecution had previously taken place. By it the venue could be laid and the trial had in London as well as in India. The evidence was very clear, and there was no difficulty in obtaining a conviction; but I mention it on account of a scene of some interest which occurred the previous year in the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster in connection with the case. When the transactions in question came to light in India, an

[1] The Portland Vase had recently been wantonly smashed to pieces, but the fragments were collected, and the vase was afterwards restored with marvellous skill and success.

information was filed in the Supreme Court of Madras against Captain D., and, on becoming aware of this, he left India by way of the French settlement of Pondicherry, without due leave from his military superiors. Upon his arrival in England he was arrested as a deserter under the provisions of the Indian Mutiny Act, taken before a magistrate, and sent by him to the East India Company's depôt at Chatham as a prisoner, to be taken back to India for trial by court-martial as a deserter from the army. He was advised, however, and as it appeared correctly, that the provisions in the Indian Mutiny Act relating to the arrest of deserters in England applied only to privates, and not to officers. A day or two only before he would have sailed for India a *habeas corpus* was issued on his behalf, and he was brought up in Court; the point was argued successfully for him, and Lord Denman, who presided, ordered his immediate discharge. Captain D. accordingly left the Court a free man, but was arrested as soon as he stepped outside Westminster Hall. This occasioned considerable commotion, and was at once stated by his counsel in court, and Lord Denman, in-

dignant at the supposed violation of the privilege from civil arrest enjoyed by every one, *eundo, morando, et redeundo*, engaged as party or witness before a court of justice, was on the point of ordering his immediate release and severely reprimanding those concerned in the arrest, when the true nature of what had occurred was mentioned, and an adjournment of an hour was granted in order that it might be explained and verified on affidavit. The arrest had in fact been made by a sheriff's officer, and was assumed to be for debt, whereas it was on criminal process, against which there was no privilege. During the two or three days which passed between the issue of the *habeas corpus* and the hearing upon it, a copy of the information filed in India arrived from Madras, and was placed in my hands to convert into an information to be filed by the Attorney-General in the Queen's Bench. It was very long, containing many counts, but all that had to be done was to alter its heading and so forth, and to lay the offences as having been committed "in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Ward of Cheap, in the City of London," as prescribed by the statute.

There was barely time to do this and to have the information properly engrossed and signed. But it was done, and the information was duly filed, and a bench warrant was obtained upon it for the arrest of Captain D. on the morning of his appearance in court. He and his legal advisers had no notion that this could have been done so quickly, and hence their extreme surprise at what took place and their natural belief that the arrest must be for some old debt contracted in England. When all was duly explained to the Court, the legality of the arrest was of course maintained; but the scene, while it lasted, was a most exciting one.

7th March 1845. — Dined Helps. Met Milnes, Brookfield, Spedding, Lord Morpeth, Hullah, Stephen Spring Rice.

26th April.—Evening at Babbage's. These Saturday parties at the large house at the top of Manchester Street were always very pleasant and amusing. It used to be said that they were given partly for the sake of providing entertainment for his mother while alive, and partly to interest people of position and influence in the progress of the calculating engines. Certainly one always met a great variety of notable

people at them, and of all kinds—politicians, scientific and literary notabilities, actors, and persons of mere fashion and rank. There were always objects of scientific novelty or importance to be seen in the drawing-rooms, and Babbage was an active and ubiquitous host. The only refreshments served used to be tea and slices of brown bread and butter of exceptional excellence. The workshops in which the difference engine had been constructed occupied part of the garden and what had been the coach-house and the stabling in the rear of the house, but at this time nothing was going on in them.

CHAPTER X

COLIN MACKENZIE

In 1845 my wife again accompanied me on the Summer Circuit, and among other places afterwards visited was Cheltenham, where we stayed with Dobson, then newly established as headmaster of the school, which, under his high scholarship and good tact, became so excellent and renowned. Here we fell in with Colin Mackenzie, an old friend of the Herries family, who did so much good service as a diplomatic agent on the Continent during the great French war, wearing on public occasions the uniform of the City Light Horse Volunteers, which had been commanded by Colonel Herries, to which he belonged. We had an amusing walk with him, and he obtained entrance for us to Lord Northwich's gallery of pictures. He was supposed to have been the person who gave information of what

had been agreed between Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander at their meeting on the raft at Tilsit, and there was a joke that he had obtained it by diving under the raft disguised as a Newfoundland dog.

NORTHERN CIRCUIT, LIVERPOOL,
23d August 1845.

MY DEAR COUSIN—Greville's book on Ireland must be taken as a party pamphlet, written on a particular occasion in support of particular views, and of course it puts in the most favourable light all that makes for those views, and keeps out of sight all that makes against them. Nevertheless it contains a good deal of unpleasant truth, which can hardly be got rid of. Whether the remedy suggested, and now in great measure actually adopted to meet the admitted evils of the case, will succeed is a question which a short time will answer. I think at least he has the merit of having collected and put together in an attractive form all that was to be said on his side of the question.

Dwarkanauth Tagore has been here, and I have seen a good deal of him, and liked him as a pleasant, agreeable companion, as well as a well-informed and highly intelligent person. He speaks English perfectly, and is so familiar with English manners and all the gossip of the day that, meeting him in a mail coach at night (if such an adventure were possible nowadays), you would be surprised to see his swarthy face and turban when the morning broke upon your conversation. I spent the greater part of two mornings with him, and finally saw him on board the steamer which was to take him to Dublin, on his way to make a tour in Ireland.

I am appointed by Rolfe B. to revise the whole of Cumberland. This is more than I had last year, but, as the additional district now given to me includes the lakes, I do not regret it, as I shall be able to show them to J——, and a little consideration will easily unite public duties and private recreation. I am also fortunate in knowing people in that part of the world, and I doubt not that their hospitable houses will afford an occasional variety from the "warmest welcome of an inn."—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

PENRITH, 10*th October* 1845.

MY DEAR E.—I had despatched my Court on Wednesday early in the afternoon, and we had arranged for a drive to see the grounds of Corby Castle, about five miles from Carlisle, which are much visited for their beauty, and thrown open to the public by their owner, Mr. Howard, who is member for Carlisle, once in the week. The carriage was at the door when Mr. Howard himself was announced, and after an introduction by a member of the Northern Circuit bar resident in the town, who was so good as to come for the purpose, he asked us to dine and sleep at Corby that night. We readily acceded to this pleasant extension of our plan, the carriage was sent away again until we were ready for a complete move, and we reached Corby with daylight enough remaining before dinner to see the chief beauties of the place, which are great indeed. The house commands a magnificent view of the Eden flowing between rocky and wooded banks—something like that of the Clyde from Bothwell Castle—and some distant mountain tops in the background. Along the banks of the river are many walks and caves in the rock, but the great thing is a long and broad terrace of greensward on a level with the river,

close to it, and lying between the river and a high bank covered with a rich variety of fine trees. I never saw anything like this elsewhere, and it was exceedingly beautiful. Before dinner Mrs. Howard and J—— made the discovery that they had been acquainted formerly at Rome, and she proved most agreeable and kind. The house is full of interesting relics and curiosities. There is a cup, parcel gold and ivory, which belonged to Thomas à Becket; the broadsword of Macdonald, the original of Fergus MacIvor; a chapel, with priests' vestments as old as Henry VII., which must have had many a perilous hiding since the time they were first embroidered to the present one, when they are shown as a curiosity by a Romish member of Parliament to a Protestant revising barrister, his guest. We spent a pleasant evening, looking chiefly at pictures and miniatures of old Howards—those Dukes of Norfolk whose heads sat so loosely on their shoulders in the sixteenth century—and then retired to a bed-chamber with oak panelling and crimson silk hangings, where ancient associations and modern comfort vied with each other to make the apartment charming. After breakfast yesterday we left this pleasant resting-place to hold one of my courts at a place between Corby and Penrith, and are now again taking our ease in an inn, less noisy and crowded and gousty than the Bush at Carlisle.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

PATTERDALE, 14*th October* 1845.

MY DEAR E.—Here we are at our last but not least beautiful station in Lakeland. To-morrow, alas! we have to quit it. I have always admired this end of Ullswater more than anything else in Cumberland or Westmoreland.

Yesterday on our way from Penrith we saw Airy Force, one of the prettiest falls hereabouts. One good of a wet season is that the rivers and brooks are all full. This is no small gain to the eye and to the ear. The hillsides and glens glisten brightly in the sunshine, when there is a gleam of it, and the noise of waters—either of distant rivers where large masses roll chafing over rocky beds with a deep full tone, or of small rivulets tinkling, and heard for a few moments only as you pass them, in a higher and gayer note of sound—fills the scene with life and purpose, which it sadly wants when the season is dry, and the rivers are only to be traced as dry channels of gravel, and the small accompaniment of rivulets is missed altogether. So this morning the hills were beautiful in their fresh moisture streaked with white mountain torrents, and about us as we walked played a hundred harmless sons and daughters of Kühleborn, dancing beautifully in the sun to their own sweet music and quiet tunes. To-morrow to Kendal by Kirkstone Pass.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

7th January 1846.—To Haymarket Theatre to see the two Cushman sisters in the parts of Romeo and Juliet. The elder sister, afterwards well known in Rome, was excellent in Romeo. Her performance was full of energy and beauty, and was given with immense *entrain*. The Juliet of the younger sister was exceedingly good. I do not remember to have seen both parts together so well filled.

Youth and good looks are wanted for them in addition to other qualifications.

20th January. — Dined Ellis. Macaulay, Panizzi, Lord Campbell.

25th January.—Thackeray and Spedding to dinner.

NORTHERN CIRCUIT, YORK,
NISI PRIUS COURT, *15th March* 1846.

MY DEAR FATHER—You may be glad to have a voice from the Northern to the Oxford, and to hear of what is going on and what is not going on here. There has been a good entry of eighty-five causes, including several heavy cases. At present Coltman is trying No. 43. The special juries are to be taken next week, and, unless many cases are otherwise disposed of than by trial, there will be a great many remanets. The divided condition of the lead occasions a frightful waste of time. No man is anxious to suppress his own public participation in the business of the assizes, and in consequence matters are tried which ought to be referred, and cases are fought out to the end when briefs ought to be folded up and a verdict taken without further resistance. Baines and Dundas have hitherto been doing most. Martin is in most of the heavy cases, and is very well satisfied. I have been reading Macaulay's speech on the Sugar Duties with great delight. It is pointed and vigorous, and contains some exceedingly fine passages, particularly those in which the Slavery and Slave Trade of the United States are described and denounced. He has the advantage of the Treasury Bench, with its triplicate of Oxford double-first-class men. There is something manly and thoroughly English about Macaulay which forces one to admire him in spite

of points of difference. I was fined last night at Grand Court for the first time—a slight indication of growing business.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

21*st March.*—To Liverpool for Spring Assizes. My wife was with me, and we were the guests of Frank Haywood at Edge Lane Hall, an old house a little way out of the town, at which several pleasant visits were afterwards paid. Haywood was in business in Liverpool; he was a very accomplished person, and a good German and Italian scholar. He translated Kant's *Critic of the Pure Reason*, a performance of no slight difficulty, and was good enough to assist me in my translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. He was one of Panizzi's earliest friends in England when he came to Liverpool as a political exile from Italy, from whence, however, he was soon called to London; but a fast friendship was always maintained between them. I often met at Edge Lane Hall Signor Grimaldi, who was Panizzi's companion in exile, and remained at Liverpool as a teacher of Italian. It was a very agreeable house, and during Assize times Haywood was uniformly hospitable in entertaining the bar, and getting the best men to come to him.

9*th April.*—Thompson, G. S. Venables, Tom Taylor at dinner.

14*th April.*—Thackeray and Tennyson at dinner.

28*th April.*—Dined Sterling Club. Lord Lyttelton, Bishop of Oxford, Trench, F. D. Maurice, Milnes, Stafford O'Brien, Antony Sterling, Samuel Laurence, Alexander Ellis, T. Phillips.

2*d May.*—Breakfast with Milnes. Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall), Milman, Brookfield, Lords Arundel and Dalmeny, Wyse, Charles Howard.

27*th May.*—At dinner Chief Baron, F. D. Maurice, Thackeray, S. Laurence.

In the summer of this year I went my last circuit, and at York it fell to my lot to officiate as Master of the Revels. The only duty attached to the office was to attend to the bespeak of a performance at the theatre by the Bar, and I believe I got for Pritchard, the manager, a bigger house than had ever been known before on a similar occasion. He gave me a key to the door between the house and the stage, and I had the opportunity of seeing how hard the work was in such a company. Two or three pieces were played each night, and the

same ones were, as a rule, not repeated during the Assize performances. When I was behind the scenes in the evenings every one was always busily engaged studying parts, and there were generally rehearsals up to the last moment going on in the manager's room. I suppose that the system of long runs, and the taking of popular pieces from London round the country, has put an end to anything like this nowadays.

In August I was appointed a Master of the Court of Exchequer, and although I could have wished the occasion for deciding to remain at or to leave the bar, at which I was making good progress and increasing the number of my private clients in a satisfactory way, had not presented itself quite so soon, I had little hesitation in accepting it, and I have never since regretted the step then taken. I believe myself to have been, by natural temperament, more fitted for quasi-judicial work than for the practice of advocacy, and the temptation of gaining so much time, as was then possible, for literary and scientific pursuits was a very strong one. For at that period the work of the Masters was light as compared with what it afterwards came to be. They did not then

sit in Judge's Chambers, nor as arbitrators on the reference of actions. The main occupation was the taxation of costs, the investigation of charges against solicitors and other matters, to be reported upon to the Court, and the examination of witnesses about to leave the country. Two Masters sat in Court during Term time to attend to the numerous applications then made to the full Court, all of which, so far as they survive, are now made with far greater convenience and rapidity, and at less expense to the suitors, in Chambers. The rest remained at the office of the Court in Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, to perform their other duties. Out of term, and when the Court was not sitting in banco, all five Masters were available for the routine work at the office of the Court.

LYNTON, NORTH DEVON, *14th September* 1846.

MY DEAR E.—Time flies quickly here; and as of peoples, so of persons, happy are they whose annals are dull. I have only to tell of walks and rides and bathings, and fair days and bright nights. In three weeks that we have been at this place only two wet days have occurred. Now we almost long for a rainy morning to keep us indoors; but, on the whole, we should probably be sorry to have this wish granted. Sir William and Lady Herries arrived at their cottage at Lynmouth on Saturday. She has re-

covered sufficiently to be able to walk a little, but it is a bad country for bad walkers; fifty feet of level road is not to be had anywhere. It is all up and down. J—— gets about on a pony, and I walk by her side. In this way we took a round of ten or twelve miles the other day. We suffer from great uncertainty about the time of day. There is no church or public clock. The vicar wholly repudiates the responsibility of giving the correct time to his parishioners. Indeed he studiously avoids giving any handle to having it supposed that he would attempt to regulate it by exhibiting two clocks conspicuously in his own house, which are always twenty minutes apart. There is a sun-dial over the church porch, but no one resorts to it. I did set my watch by it, with the assistance of an almanac, but the proceeding was regarded with suspicion, and the village idlers stared doubtingly upon me as I took the observation. The vicar believes it to be correct, but the equation of time is a stumbling-block to him. He cannot understand how a clock can go well and yet disagree with the sun, or how the sun can by possibility keep such ill time as to be after or behind the clock; and so he practically shirks the question by avoiding the sun-dial.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

22*d January* 1847.—To Friday evening lecture at Royal Institution by Faraday, on Gunpowder, and afterwards to Mrs. Barlow's reception. Her husband, the Rev. John Barlow, was at this time, and for many years, honorary secretary to the Institution, to which he rendered great services. His exertions had

been of immense use in rescuing it from a position of serious financial difficulty, and his constant attention to its interests much assisted in maintaining its efficiency and popularity. He induced many friends and acquaintances to become members, of whom I was one, and the little parties in Berkeley Street after the Friday evening lectures were not only pleasant but useful. Barlow has not had justice done to him in Dr. Bence Jones's *History of the Institution*, although his personal and professional devotion to him during the long illness which preceded his death could not have been surpassed. Barlow was a man of singularly excellent character and courteous manners, exceedingly amiable, very mindful of his duties among the poor and to his friends, simple and modest in all that related to himself, and of exemplary patience and resignation in bearing the afflictions which pressed heavily on his latter years. For some years he was the minister of the chapel in St. James's Park, at the back of Duke Street, said to have been originally a private appendage to the house once occupied by Judge Jeffreys, and was afterwards Chaplain to the Queen at Kensington Palace.

Later on I became one of the Committee of Managers of the Institution, and, I believe, have been in office as long and as frequently as the rules permit.

It was in the old laboratory in Albemarle Street that I first saw an electrical machine and an air-pump, when a small boy, and they were worked by Faraday. Afterwards I attended one of Brande's courses of chemical lectures, given at nine o'clock in the morning, in the theatre in the basement, which was then attached to the laboratory. These lectures were given on his own account, chiefly for the benefit of medical students in London, at a time when none of the hospitals had chemical schools of their own. Brande was an excellent teacher, and his lectures were eminently sound and useful. He was never brilliant or eloquent, but his experiments never failed, and he sustained the attention of his audience. He was a remarkable instance of a man who was engaged all his life in scientific pursuits, who was an eminent instructor both by his lectures and by his writings, and yet did no original work. He had not, in fact, the genius and transcendent imaginative power which so much distinguished Fara-

day. Nor was he, indeed, so entirely a pure and self-sacrificing votary of science; for the first aim of Faraday was the pursuit of truth, putting that always in the front, and considering as of secondary importance the useful application of his discoveries. There was scarcely any department of experimental philosophy to which he did not make important contributions. The work performed by him as resident professor and controller of the establishment in Albemarle Street afforded a remarkable instance of a great mind employed on minor details of arrangement. There was the same desire to do the best thing, however small it might be, in the best way, which distinguished him in larger matters.

Faraday's religious opinions stood quite apart from his scientific faculties, and he claimed an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. He had much playful humour, and was fond of reading novels, and of the distractions from his severe work of the theatres and opera-house. Speaking of novels, he once said to my wife: "I like the stirring ones, with plenty of life, plenty of action, and very little philosophy. Why, I can

do the philosophy for myself; but I want the novelist to supply me with incident and change of scene, and to give me an interest which takes me out of my own immediate pursuits. It does a man good to get out of his daily pursuits, and to air his thoughts a little." He mentioned *Paul Ferroll* as having stir enough in it, and added, "There's another modern novel I like very well too, where a man keeps his mad wife up at the top of his house"—this was *Jane Eyre*—"and," said he, "it is very clever, and keeps you awake. Why, how good the woman's flight is across the fields; but there's a touch of mesmerism and mystery at the end, which would be better away." This led to a discussion of modern superstitions, and Faraday spoke forcibly against the follies of table rappers and turners. He alluded to the old belief in witches, and said that there were plenty of good and great men who held to that, and that it was not worse than the spirit-rapping faith: "Indeed it was better, there was more fun in it." It was remarked that our present age had one superiority over the past—we no longer burnt our fellow-creatures. "Yes," said Faraday; "but observe that when the faggots went out, the

witches went out. Why, all the sport was in the burning." Miss Burney's *Evelina* was mentioned, and he remembered reading it a great many years ago. "You know, I was a boy in a bookbinder's shop; there were plenty of books there, and I read them." He had himself bound some copies of *Evelina*, and one of them was in the possession of Mr. Barlow. Among all lecturers heard by me he was easily the first. Airy, Sedgwick, Owen, Tyndall, and Huxley belong to the highest order; but there was a peculiar charm and fascination about Faraday which placed him on an elevation too high for comparison with others. In private he was delightful, but he steadily resisted the allurements of general society, to which Davy yielded, and invariably declined to employ the opportunities of making individual profit by his discoveries, or by giving evidence or advising in scientific cases, to which others have succumbed. He had no children of his own, but was fond of them. He gave to one of our boys a little top with a coloured disc, made with his own hands; and once brought with him to the house a toy green frog, and showed, with much merriment, how it was to be made to jump.

At the time when the game of squails was in vogue he played at it with us. One evening we played with him and his wife at the Royal Institution. The game requires a round table with a plain edge, and the table in his rooms had a moulding which prevented the palm of the hand from being brought smartly against the counter to be struck. Faraday had prepared pieces of thick cardboard, which he had cut in a convenient shape, to be placed on the table and held in the left hand of the players so as to supply the required edge.

9th March.—To the first lecture of Owen's course on Fishes and Reptiles, at the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

27th April.—Sterling Club Dinner. A. Ellis, Boxall, Lord Richard Cavendish, Herman Merivale, George Richmond, Horace Mansfield, Charles Spring Rice, Thackeray, Antony Sterling, G. S. Venables, Charles Merivale, Spedding, Samuel Laurence.

4th May.—Dined with T. F. Ellis. Macaulay, Tom Taylor, Spedding, Ruskin.

12th May.—Literary Fund Dinner at London Tavern—Bunsen in the chair. I had been a member and subscriber to the Fund since

1841, and have been on the Committee almost continuously since 1855, joining it at the time of the attempt made by Dickens, Forster, Dilke, and the late Lord Lytton, to alter the constitution and object of the Fund. They wished to turn it into a sort of literary club, with other purposes than that of affording relief to authors of merit in distress. They succeeded in getting a special committee appointed, and there was a special public meeting of the members held at Willis's Rooms, at which I remember that Lord Derby, afterwards our president, made a speech full of sound reasoning and good sense. The project of the so-called reformers was defeated, and they consoled themselves by establishing the Guild of Literature and Art, which, as far as is known, began and ended its operations by erecting some almshouses for decayed authors on land given by Lord Lytton, close to Knebworth, not one of which has ever been occupied.

9th June.—I presided at the annual London dinner of the Cambridge Conversazione Society. There came Douglas D. Heath, W. H. Thompson, James Farish, J. G. Maitland, Tom Taylor, J. S. Stock, H. F. Hallam, J. A. Hard-

castle, F. W. Gibbs, R. M. Milnes, Horace Mansfield, Henry and Franklin Lushington, Spedding, P. A. Pickering, Kenneth Macaulay, G. S. Venables, W. D. Christie, E. J. Lawrence, E. Oldfield.

22d July.—To Her Majesty's Theatre. Jenny Lind in Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, taken from Schiller's *Robbers*. A ludicrous effect was produced when Lablache, in the full plenitude of his enormous bulk, first appeared on the stage as "the famished father from the deep dungeon of the tower time rent," to quote from Coleridge's fine sonnet, addressed to Schiller, upon the play.

30th July.—To Cambridge. Voted for Goulburn and Lefevre; dined in hall, and returned same day. I was on Goulburn's London Committee, and went to Cambridge in company with T. F. Ellis, who was active for Lefevre, on the second day of the election. The other candidates were Law, Recorder of London, who had sat for the University for some time with Goulburn, and Lord Feilding (afterwards Earl of Denbigh), who stood along with Law on the Tory and No Popery platform. Goulburn had given great offence by voting for

the transfer of the national grant to Maynooth College from the annual votes to the Consolidated Fund, thus getting rid of a constantly recurring source of discord and animosity. His patience and good temper under all the rebuffs and difficulties which attended his canvass were admirable, and as a personal reply to letters from his constituents was expected, and indeed was necessary, in almost all cases, his own work in the committee was exceedingly heavy. Lefevre was a Whig, but of no extreme opinions, and his high character, university distinctions, and excellent public services, made him a very fit candidate, yet he had little chance of success with a constituency containing so large a clerical element. It would have been a dangerous move during the canvass if Goulburn had attempted any official coalition with Lefevre. But in the railway carriage it was arranged between Ellis and myself that as many of Lefevre's supporters should vote for Goulburn as could be induced to do so, in order to save his seat, and that in return Goulburn's people should give their second vote to Lefevre, in order to give him a respectable place in the poll. So, on arrival at Cambridge, I went straight to our

Committee, and got the approval of Phelps (Master of Sidney), the chairman. Ellis went to Lefevre's Committee, and afterwards, I think, we went together to both Committees to complete the arrangement, and in the result Goulburn's seat was secured. Law was at the head of the poll; Lefevre and Feilding were not elected, and not very long afterwards Lord Feilding, to the great dismay of his supporters, went over to the Church of Rome.

In August we paid a visit to our good friends the Haywoods, at Edge Lane Hall, Liverpool, and it was here that I commenced my translation of the *Divina Commedia*, or, more strictly, I did that which led to it. For, reading Cary's translation, I was so dissatisfied with its form and lack of close adherence to the original, that I began a line-for-line version of the fifth canto of the *Inferno*, and was thence gradually induced to do the same for other portions of the poem, until so much was done that I was tempted to connect the fragments and proceed with the whole as a regular work. Cary's translation is the production of an accomplished scholar, with considerable poetical gifts, and, like Pope's Homer, it is likely always to remain

as the most readable one for English readers who do not intend to go to Dante himself, and, considering his comparatively scanty means of knowledge on many points which have since received so much attention on the Continent and in this country, it is a very remarkable performance.

I owe to Dante many friends, and a considerable part of the interest of my life, as every one must do who seriously takes up the study of his works and time. Upon one amusing occasion I was indeed credited with having personally known him. On 24th March 1878, while walking through Cavendish Square, I was smitten by the terrible cold blast of that afternoon which capsized the training-ship *Eurydice* and her unfortunate crew at the back of the Isle of Wight. Two or three days afterwards I was laid up with an attack of fever, which while it lasted was severe enough to require the attendance of a professional nurse. She belonged to the old school, had been in one of the London hospitals, and did her work admirably, but was not a woman of any education. Some time after this a charming lady of my acquaintance told me that she had been attended by the same nurse.

One day she was reading to her out of a book and came upon the name of Dante. She stopped and said, "I know him." This somewhat surprising statement led to inquiry, and the nurse said, "Yes; he is a great friend of Sir Frederick Pollock. There is a bust of him on his staircase. He is a very severe-looking gentleman."

The latter part of the Vacation of 1847 was spent in France, travelling to Paris, *viâ* Boulogne and Abbeville, and returning by Rouen, Dieppe, and Shoreham, the point to which the steamers then ran from Dieppe. So many things had always occurred to keep me in England during my Cambridge and legal vacations, that this was my first visit to the Continent, and perhaps my impressions were all the more interesting from coming comparatively late in life, and after the experience of travelling in England and Scotland. The railway to Paris was only completed as far as Abbeville, and our first day's journey was made in a well-appointed English four-horse coach, which had been taken off the London and Dover road upon the opening of the South-Eastern railway. The whole concern had been moved across the channel—coach, horses, coachman, and guard,

and as I had the box-seat, I picked up a good deal of information about roads and French ways as they affected him and his proprietors from the driver. We dined and slept at a charming old hotel at Abbeville, and next day got on to Paris by rail. In returning the railway was only open as far as Rouen, and from thence we had to take the *diligence* to Dieppe.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, AT WESTMINSTER,
2d November 1847.

First day of Michaelmas Term, in the 10th year of the Reign of Queen Victoria.

MY DEAR COUSIN—You will perceive that Term is begun, and men are sitting looking at each other and wondering at the unwonted roses in their cheeks. Fleeting bloom, soon to vanish before legal habits and London fogs. According to old custom, all the Masters appear in Court during the first day. I am happy that it is not my turn to attend daily during the term. That is the most irksome duty we have to perform, and will fall to me in February. We have been to Mr. Durham's studio to see his bust of Jenny Lind, which is an admirable performance. The face is in its form certainly not a pretty one. The nose is altogether bad, too large, and the nostrils much dilated. The eyes are peculiar and well shaped, but their great beauty and singularity in colour cannot, of course, be rendered in marble. The mouth is perhaps the only good feature, and yet of such unpromising materials for a sculptor he has produced an excellent

speaking likeness, depending for its beauty, like the original, on expression alone, and not transgressing the artist's fair license of poetising the more prosaic parts of his subject. Durham has been happy in the employment of a drapery for the bust which may pass for the upper part of a lady's dress, and yet has a classic appearance; neither pedantically antique, nor suggesting too strongly associations of modern millinery. Dear, simple, honest Jenny Lind was angry with the artist for having made so pleasing a likeness. She said to him, "I am an ugly Swede, and you have made me a pretty Englishwoman." The bust is for Mr. Lumley. He ought to erect her whole statue in gold.

Dante goes on, and if I can succeed in maintaining the same rate of progress, I shall have made a considerable impression on the whole poem at no very distant time. Whenever that time may come I shall have to consider whether what I have done is to remain as it is, or to go forth. There exist three English versions of the whole of the *Divina Commedia*, of which one only is tolerable, and that far from possible perfection. In French there are no less than seven translations, although certainly Dante is more read and understood in England than in France, yet up to this time there is no English Dante that is on the whole satisfactory. When I have finished the *Inferno*, of which I am now approaching the middle, I may begin to think seriously about it. At any rate it involves a studied reading of one of the great world authors, which I shall always be the better for, and it provides me with a definite course of study, which will be useful in itself.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

LONDON, *11th February* 1848.

MY DEAR E.—I have just completed the *Inferno*, and

find as much relief as Dante did in emerging from that *mar sì crudele* to the *miglior acque* of the Purgatory, which opens in a strain of amazing beauty and tenderness. The allusion to the Southern Cross makes one long to go to some lower latitude, only to gaze on the

"Quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.
Goder pareva 'l ciel di lor fiammelle.
O settentrional vedovo sito,
Poichè privato se' di mirar quelle!"

But I remember that, as our own great poet has said,

"Bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North."

And, on the whole, I am content to wear the widow's weeds of this hemisphere.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

LONDON, *2d March* 1848.

MY DEAR E.—I have been more than once on the point of writing to you, but the strange and rapidly changing intelligence from France has, so to speak, taken away the breath of my pen. Now there is an interval of repose. Paris, at least, is tranquil, and all the rest of the royal family being accounted for, the question of immediate anxiety is the personal safety of Louis Philippe, which a few more hours will probably resolve. We owe him something—enough to call for sympathy in his downfall. The French people owe him much; but the same want of sagacity, and the blindness of personal ambition which unseated Napoleon and Charles X., have unseated him. He came in as the king of the people. He governed without and against the people, and a summary Nemesis has overtaken him. With

his own personal experience in French history, to me the great marvel is that he should have allowed this to happen, and that he should have suffered the Monarch of the glorious three days to be driven out with greater ease than his predecessor, and unaccompanied by a single regret or good wish. In 1830 there was hard fighting for three days, upwards of 700 killed, and more than 4000 wounded, and, but for the amazing imbecility of the king and the bad management of Marmont, who commanded the troops, the affair might have been prolonged even longer. The other day it was almost "Veni, vidi, vici" for the mob, and Louis Philippe fell at the first sound of the popular trumpet.

All this bodes us no good. The Provisional Government have undertaken what no men can perform. They take on themselves to find work at high wages and good food for all Frenchmen. This cannot last. Either the substantial middle-class must be rendered bankrupt, or they will have to suppress the working classes. It is as if Feargus O'Connor and the principles of the Charter were established in Downing Street. Louis Blanc, one of the secretaries of the Government, is the great organ of the Communists, or Socialists of France, and I see he is made President of a new Commission, who are to arrange the terms of universal labour. It is shocking to see all the old folly of the first Revolution dragged again upon the stage of history, and to find people even here who can believe that a republic in France is compatible with peace in Europe, for their own government must occupy the French people with war, as the magician must find work for the evil spirits he has evoked, to prevent them from turning on himself.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

P.S.—It is said that Louis Philippe is in the Isle of Wight *incognito.*

The next letter gives an account of the proceedings of the famous Tenth of April in one part of London.

21 TORRINGTON SQUARE,
11th April 1848.

MY DEAR E.—So yesterday has passed off, and we still enjoy the blessings of our Constitution. Truly it was a glorious day. So universal and extensive a demonstration of loyalty has not been seen in the memory of this generation. Omitting military and regular police, I have no doubt that loyal subjects with constable's truncheons were more than 20 to 1 against the disaffected. The Government arrangements were admirable and most comprehensive. In addition to what you will see in the papers, I may add that printed placards were ready and distributed, to be published if necessary, in every quarter of London, suited for various emergencies; and it is said that measures were taken for proroguing Parliament, and re-summoning it at Windsor, if their sitting in London could not be continued conveniently. I will give you an account of our proceedings in this parish, as a specimen (and a very good one) of the exertions made by the upper and middle classes. The parishes of St. Giles and St. George's, Bloomsbury, acted together, and the arrangements commenced a week ago, when a meeting was held in St. Giles's vestry and the district formed into four divisions. I was requested by the two Rectors to take charge of the North-Eastern division, extending from Holborn to the bottom of Tavistock Square, and from Gower Street to Southampton Row, which included Russell, Bloomsbury, Bedford, Woburn, and Torrington Squares, and the streets leading out of them. Other gentlemen undertook the other divisions. We all acted

under Col. Clarke, an East Indian officer, and I found it a great convenience in obtaining obedience to be able to refer to myself as being under orders from a superior. On Thursday I attended a meeting of leaders of specials at the General Police Office in Whitehall. On Saturday evening I assembled all the sectional leaders in my division at my house, and we determined our arrangements. I found I had twenty-four leaders under me, and a force of 400, besides a contingent of fifty medical students of St. Bartholomew's, under Mr. Coote, one of their teachers, who volunteered to serve with me. On Sunday Mr. Tyler, the Rector of St. Giles, came with a letter from Sir George Grey, wishing to see us at the Home Office in consequence of a placard having been issued announcing Russell Square as the intended place of meeting of the Irish confederates. I went with Col. Clarke, and we saw the Home Secretary and Mr. Mayne. I reported what I had got in force, and I placed Mr. Coote's party at the service of Government as a movable force ready for any service, which they had readily, I may say eagerly, allowed me to do. On Monday morning at seven we mustered at the Russell Institution, Coram Street, and by this time, and by further additions during the day, I was 500 strong. I chose a good-sized room for myself and the leaders. The rest filled a lecture theatre and long library. I appointed a staff, including four gentlemen who had horses, and made Ellis's party take the garrison duty, chiefly for the sake of his company, and as his sons were on the staff. The force was called over and mustered under their leaders. We were advised to keep concealed until the procession had left Russell Square. About nine o'clock there came a circular letter from the Commissioners of Police desiring us to take charge of the parish on its receipt. Soon afterwards it was reported that the procession had left

the Square. At no time were there more than 2000 people. After this I sent out patrols, to the number of eighty-four—more than were really wanted, but it was desirable to keep the force employed and amused. The bulk of the force were dismissed to their homes, but to remain at call until four o'clock. Before then it was known that the great meeting on Kennington Common had dispersed quietly, and there was no general danger to be apprehended. But as Russell Square had been a place of meeting in the morning, I thought it not impossible that stragglers returning from Kennington might pass through it and vent their disappointment on the windows, and I continued a sufficient force to do the ordinary police work, with a small reserve on the spot, and the others at their houses ready to be summoned if necessary, and this went on till ten at night, when the regular police resumed their duties. We then broke up. Three glorious rounds of cheers were given for the Queen, and "God save the Queen" was sung by about 150 who were still together. After the first anxieties of the day were over it was pleasant enough. Our quarters were good, so was the company, and with plenty to eat and drink it was not unlike a large picnic party. We have since been gratified by hearing from Sir George Grey that the arrangements here were the best in London. I have taken J—— to see the defences of the Bank of England, which was well worth doing, both for the interest and singularity of what we saw, and also as showing how such a building can be turned into a fortress. There was a low parapet of sand-bags, with openings for musketry, and at each corner a ball-proof stockade of two-inch plank, commanding the streets which run from the Bank. Inside there still remained on duty an unusual number of sentries. The gravel from the little garden had been taken up to fill the sand-bags. The

sappers' tools still lay in regular order on the ground, guarded by one of the corps, with an ugly-looking weapon at his side, half sword, half saw. These, I suppose, were intended for use in a sally against a barricade. Altogether it was a close introduction to some of the realities of war.

The great merit of Monday's plan was that not a single soldier was to be seen, and there was a sufficient police force to do a great deal without bringing out the military. All this must have cost much, both to the public and to individuals, in loss of time and interruption of business; but it was well worth it. Probably many were deterred from going to Kennington by the extent of the preparations, and if the number had been five times what it was, and even all armed, their adventure would have been hopeless. The dirty-faced, bearded men about the streets looked very crestfallen on Tuesday morning at the failure of the English revolution which was to have been, and I hope that in a few weeks the renewal of the Alien Act will get rid of their mischievous and ominous presence. No doubt the Parisians will have much talk about "les connétables speciaux," wondering much at the nature of that service under which a late Governor-General of India might have been seen doing ordinary policeman's duty on the pavement of Belgrave Square.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

7th June 1848.—Sworn in again at Bow Street as a special constable for six months.

12th June.—Specials called out. I at the Russell Institution with leaders only from eleven in the morning to half-past seven in

the evening, the others remaining at their homes to be summoned if wanted. Nothing happened.

16*th June.*—Friday evening at Royal Institution. Faraday on the actual conversion of diamond into carbon in the heat of the Voltaic battery, following Laroche Jacquelein's experiments in Paris. Afterwards to Madame Bunsen's.

20*th July.*—Jenny Lind in *Sonnambula.* Her beautiful voice and charming freshness of manner remind old people of Mrs. Jordan.

We spent the autumn vacation very pleasantly at St. Julian's, occupying the pretty cottage in which Mr. Robert Herries used to live, and sharing all the advantages of the great house. Mr. Herries one day told me that the phrase "untoward event" was first used in a King's speech in mentioning the battle of Navarino (1827). It was suggested in the Cabinet by Huskisson, when Mr. Herries was present.

ST. JULIAN'S, *6th September* 1848.

MY DEAR E.—We have had five days of glorious weather, but have again come upon a cloudy and uncertain time. The barometer fell nearly half an inch yesterday morning, and there was rain during the night. To-day has

been, as yet, without rain, but it will hardly pass off without some. The most important time of all the year is now approaching, the hop-picking, and we hear as much speculation on the weather almost as if we were on board ship. Lord Hardinge was here a few days ago, with some very interesting talk on Ireland. He praised the discipline and general state of the army there, but said they could not undertake a single day's march. Not a man could cook his own dinner or strike a tent, which I suppose must always be the case in time of peace when men have been living for some years in their own quarters. Another difficulty in transporting troops is the want of means. In a friendly country you can always get horses and carts by paying for them, in an enemy's country you take them; but Ireland is neither one nor the other. The country people drive off and conceal their waggons, etc., when they know they are wanted for the conveyance of troops or stores, and the British constitution prevents a violent seizure of them, even if they could be found. This is to be remedied by attaching to the army in Ireland a permanent establishment of cars, on the build of Bianconi's, for government service.

In Dante I am now in the sixth canto of the *Paradiso*. The quantity of scholastic divinity preached in this part of the work makes it sometimes tiresome, but this is compensated for by the great beauty of the passages which do not involve reference to mediæval theology.

You ask about Sterling. I suppose that I never saw him more than half a dozen times; and I never corresponded with him; but my acquaintance with him was of a nature to lead to intimate intercourse on the few occasions when I did meet him, and I have always heard a good deal about him. The influence he exercised over his friends was

chiefly owing to his very remarkable powers of conversation. It was of a kind such as one supposes that of S. T. Coleridge must have been—full, eloquent, and inexhaustible. As a speaker, too, he was fine, as I have heard myself. His writings hardly come up to the same mark. His poetry ranks with that of the other followers of Wordsworth. His prose is confused and inconclusive. If he had lived, and enjoyed better health, he would no doubt have done much more and much better work. He was a man of many sides, and ready to be all things to all men, which you would collect from the published letters, although Hare, in his biography, hardly lets you know how much good fellowship there was in him. His sketch rather dwells on the severer and serious parts of his character, which no doubt were chiefly presented to himself. But Sterling was capital after-dinner company, and told his story and laughed at the circulating joke with as festive an air of enjoyment as if he had never been vexed in the mind by neologisms in religion, or in the body by physical disease.

To return to Lord Hardinge. He told me that Edwardes, the hero of Moultan, was Trim's colleague in the Lahore Agency, and appointed at the same time with him. E. is an older man than his standing in the service would indicate, and was either at Oxford or Cambridge before he went to India. Lord H. had marked him as a man to be put forward from seeing what he did in the Sutlej campaign. Trim, as always, was highly spoken of. I conclude with a proposition for your consideration. If the population of the earth exceeds the number of hairs on the head of the person who has most hairs, there must be at least one entirely bald person, or at least two persons with exactly the same number of hairs.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

ST. JULIAN'S, *7th October* 1848.

MY DEAR E.—The date looks ugly. It reminds that one whole week of October is gone, and that the remainder of our time here is not so long as we could wish it to be. We have spent one of our most delightful vacations here, and we naturally contemplate its termination with regret. The weather is again beautiful, and there is promise of fine evenings for the enjoyment of the hunter's moon. Last night there was a most exquisite phenomenon of a dry mist which enveloped the moon, the stars, the trees, and the distant landscape, as if with layers of gauze. It was an enchanting effect, something like the pearly transparency of the sphere of Luna in the *Paradiso.* It would have made the fortune of a theatre on the stage. This morning we had another of the ever-various beauties which you always gain by living in a position which commands an extensive country from an elevation. The valley was full of mist, but so compact and well defined that it appeared like a silver curtain let down behind a certain church in the distance, and just allowing the ridge of the Tonbridge Wells heights to be seen above it.

Filicaia's sonnet on Italy is world-celebrated; the other I do not know. I have been reading Galt's *Entail.* The character of auld Leddy Grippy is one of the best in prose fiction. The pathos and humour of poor Watty are worthy of a place beside Scott's best things. There is much laughing and crying in the book. I am now reading *Corinne.* It is a fine offering at the shrine of beauty and art, but the character of Oswald is hardly worked out up to the intended mark. It is grand to have a French character so truly given as it is in Erfeuil, and to read it in French. One has to keep recollecting that Madame de Staël was Swiss. We had a good subject for a picture by

Reynolds the other day. It was the little boy having his hair cut in my dressing-room. The gravity and slyness of the face were beyond description. Last time this operation was performed it was so much against the will of the patient as almost to demand chloroform, but on this occasion he had first seen the barber perform on me, and instead of an infliction it became a pride and a dignity to succeed papa in the tonsorial chair.

I am glad Trim is to have an opportunity of distinction in what is going forward at Moultan, but of course this is mixed with the apprehension one must feel for a friend engaged in active military service. I suppose he will have a command of native troops in addition to his pure political duties.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

CHAPTER XI

DINNER AT COLLEGE OF SURGEONS

1st February 1849. — Came to dinner with us Babbage, Eastlake, Richard Denmans, Cleasbys, Barlows. Came in afterwards Colonel Mure, Crabbe Robinson, Archie Smith, Amphletts, etc.

9th February. — Owen's lecture at Royal Institution on the nature of limbs in the vertebrate economy. To Barlow's, and walked home with Owen.

LONDON, *15th February* 1849.

DEAR E.—I had yesterday the honour of dining with the College of Surgeons in their library in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fate placed me opposite Sir Robert Peel, and next to Hallam on one side, and to a vacant interval facing the chairman on the other; so that, as far as I was concerned, it was a *tête-à-tête* conversation with Hallam, which was fortunate for me. My father ran away just before his health was proposed. The Bishop of Oxford made a good speech. Peel, Sir James Graham, Buckland,

Delabeche, Dr. Paris, and Hallam spoke to various toasts. Prince Albert was at the delivering of the Hunterian oration in the morning, which I missed by a stupid mistake about the hour.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

24*th March.*—To breakfast with Milnes. It was a highly respectable party—Thirlwall, Lords Ashburton, Lincoln, and Arundel; Macculloch, George Dundas, and some whom I did not make out.

3*d April.*—Met Wheatstone at King's College. He showed me his machine for exhibiting the undulations of light. It is a beautiful little apparatus, a charming plaything, and at the same time a philosophical instrument of exact and practical use. It will represent any kind of undulation, and all possible combinations of different sets of waves, so as to make the results visible to the eye, and can thus even work out problems where the mathematical calculations would be difficult.

5*th April.*—To Owen's lecture, College of Surgeons. The old belief that the barnacle goose springs from the barnacle is still in force in the South of Europe. When Owen questioned the fishermen near Genoa they expressed their faith in it, but did not wonder that an

eretico should refuse to believe that, as well as many other things; and there is in Romish countries a good practical reason for keeping up the doctrine of a quasi-fishy origin for the barnacle goose, because thereby the pious gourmand is enabled to eat it with a good conscience in Lent. Walked away with Sir Walter James (now Lord Northbourne), an agreeable and well-informed man.

19*th April*.—To Owen's lecture. This was the last of four upon insects, all of great interest, and this especially, as giving the physiology of their transformation. He told us of the miserable end of certain caterpillars in New Zealand, which, having buried themselves underground to undergo their transformation, are found afterwards wholly converted into wood. The spore of a cryptogamic plant lodges in them, and, growing rapidly, the unhappy caterpillar is bodily converted into ligneous matter, or, so to speak, lignified. This done, a stalk rises to the surface of the ground, and indicates the grave and the untimely fate of the poor worm arrested in its career before it reaches the most glorious part of its existence as a butterfly. No metamorphosis in Ovid is stranger than this, and thus by one of its lowest

members is the vegetable tribe revenged upon the many attacks made on them by their insect enemies. There were specimens of the wooden caterpillars on the table.

25*th April*.—Votes of thanks to the Indian army were moved in both Houses last night. In the report of Lord Hardinge's speech given in the *Herald*, he is said to have mentioned with distinction the name of Lieutenant Pollock, formerly of King's College, along with that of Edwardes. But in the other four morning papers the name is "Pollard," and I think an engineer officer of that name was at Moultan; yet as Lord Hardinge loves Trim,[1] and he was highly spoken of in a letter from Edwardes to Lord Hardinge, and Lord Hardinge alluded to a letter from Edwardes, it is not unlikely that the honour was intended for our corporal. So I have taken the liberty of sending a note to Lord Hardinge to draw his attention to the matter, and obtain his leave to set the four "Pollard" newspapers right if they turn out to be wrong.

My messenger returns from Stanhope Street with the kindest of notes.

[1] My brother, Sir Richard Pollock, K.S.I.

25th April 1849.

MY DEAR SIR—I shall be much obliged to the Editor of the *Times* if he will make the correction of your brother's name. I mentioned Edwardes, Lieutenant Lake, a very fine fellow, your brother Pollock, Herbert, and Taylor, another of my boys, who was wounded in the same tent with Edwardes, and they were both such clever, able young fellows that I appointed both to Lahore. I see Brigadier-General Tennant, who commanded the artillery, is reported to be Campbell. I should wish this valuable old officer to go by his right name. The youngsters deserve every praise, and I am proud of them all.—Yours ever truly,

HARDINGE.

Upon this I acted, and went to the *Times* office and the others, and left for each an extract from the note, which by a postscript outside the cover I was at liberty to send.

To Brodie's[1] lecture, where an experiment in which a vast cloud of amber smoke was driven like a column from a flask reminded me of the story of the Fisherman and the Genius in the *Arabian Nights*. It was very beautiful. We did not see it go into the vessel again as the fisherman did.

Dined with the Hardcastles in Whitehall Place. Milnes was there, Venables, and Oldfield—16 in all.

[1] Afterwards Sir Benjamin Brodie, Chemical Professor at Oxford.

28th April.—To Owen's lecture, and was agreeably surprised to find they have another week to run. The Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) is now a pretty regular attendant. To-day he brought with him Archdeacon Manning.

1st May.—Baron Alderson said a neat thing the other day. A barrister was arguing in court before him, and complained that in the statements on the other side there was a *suppressio veris* (instead of *veri*), on which the Baron remarked, recollecting the long-deferred spring weather, "We have had too much of that this year."

3d May.—To dinner with the Brodies, who lived in a very pretty house on the confines of civilisation outside the Regent's Park, and under the shadow of Primrose Hill. It was a charming party—a round table—Babbage, Owen, the Barlows, and one or two others to complete twelve. The probable cause of hay fever was mentioned. The silicious coating of the dried grass gets broken in all the tumbling and tossing about, and, being very delicate, fills the air as a fine and imperceptible dust, which irritates the air passages in some persons, and so produces a sort of bronchitis, accompanied by fever.

Some anecdotes were told of Wollaston. He always carried some curious object in his waistcoat pocket, which he would produce to his acquaintances, and be delighted when they could not tell what it was. Babbage called them his pocket pistols. Two instances were told when he was foiled—one by Babbage, who was asked to smell a certain powder, and immediately pronounced it to be the sawdust of satin-wood; the other of old Clift,[1] who at once recognised a pearly-looking substance as the crystalline lens of the eye of a cuttle-fish.

Owen is a most wonderful and charming person. In addition to his enormous knowledge on his own special subjects, he is well read and informed on all matters. Last night it came out that he had read all Milton's prose works. We brought him away in our carriage.

7th May.—At dinner Mr. and Mrs. Eastlake (who was Miss Rigby), G. S. Venables, Thackeray, Herman Merivale, now Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mrs. Eastlake is very pleasing, but with a cast of melancholy, and as if afraid to give full scope to her intellectual powers in conversation.

[1] Curator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons.

Thackeray has grown a little *blasé*, and is not quite such good company as he used to be. Afterwards we had Babbage, Boxall, Trench, F. D. Maurice, the Kenneth Macaulays, Barlows, and several more.

8th May.—Continued cold wind, but not so as to prevent a junket to Blackwall. Frank and Marian Ellis, and a cousin of theirs, Chapman, Boxall, and ourselves, were eight in a railway carriage, and so to the docks, where we had the junk nearly all to ourselves owing to the ungenial weather. It was beautiful to see Boxall fraternise with the Chinese artist, saying, "*Io anche sono pittore*," and even purchasing some of his works with a noble freedom from jealousy. Then we paid our respects to the mandarin of the fifth class, with his little round button at top, who, after receiving sixpence for his autograph, explained his chopsticks and his writing apparatus in the most condescending manner; and one of the crew sang a song, accompanying himself on a one-stringed fiddle. The Chinamen have improved in their English since last year, otherwise the junk is as it was, and I still think it the best sight I have seen. Afterwards we adjourned

to the Brunswick and dined pleasantly, wishing for sun and warmth, but happy with a fire in the room, and in the contemplation of the Vandevelde-like river landscape and moving shipping seen through the windows. Dull and leaden in aspect, but not without its fine points, Whitebait, and the multiplied varieties of fish peculiar to this place and Greenwich, dawned on some of the party for the first time; and after coffee, we returned to town, and had tea at Ellis's house.

10*th May*.—F. D. Maurice to breakfast. He had a good story of Colonel Sibthorp. S. was rejoicing over the fall of railways and of Hudson. Some one said, "Why, you have dined with Hudson."—"Yes," replied the Colonel; "and I have dined with Peel." We had much conversation on the importance to authors and thinkers of being also actors in life. All the greatest names in English literature are those of men who have led lives of action and business—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, etc.; so of the best ancients, and the Italians —Dante, Ariosto, Lionardo, Boccaccio, etc. The want of it is seen in Coleridge, and so in Carlyle. Wordsworth is no exception, for he has made

the study of nature his business, and has been no sedentary student, but an active, hardy Cumberland mountaineer.

17*th May*.—Looking back on a recent visit to Cambridge, I find occasion to remark on the altered and improved appearance of the undergraduates—all have a quiet and gentlemanly bearing. I noticed none of the tattered gowns and crushed caps in which the rowing men of old times used to delight, together with green cut-away coats, red handkerchiefs for the necks, and such like indications of slang. But, on the other hand, I noted a certain indolence and incuriousness. One of our young friends had nearly completed his first year at the University, and had never been inside King's College Chapel—one of the finest things in Europe. Another had been only once in Trinity. Of their tastes in literature I heard that Wordsworth is gone out, and they will read nothing but Shelley and Coleridge. In the Anatomical Museum I saw a cast from the head of Rush the murderer—a most revolting thing. The head is large, but the brain small, and chiefly accumulated behind, with, however, an enormous organ of firmness. More expres-

sion remains in the features than is usual after death. It is an expression of great self-complacency, mingled with a look of much cunning —the mouth and lower part of the face very sensual. It was good for human nature to turn from this to the plaster-cast of Pitt—noble and commanding even in death. To Lady Chantrey's in evening, where was a great crowd, and many notables and agreeable people —Buckland, Whewell, Eastlake, Twisleton (ex Irish poor-law commissioner), Babbage, Adolphi, Herries, etc.

20*th May*.—Boxall to luncheon, and to see Mr. Munro's pictures in Hamilton Place—a very pleasant Sunday afternoon's lounge.

24*th May*.—The Indian news is the annexation of the Punjaub, conveyed in a brief and grand proclamation of the Governor-General. It is a strange event altogether this: a fine country forced upon our reluctant acceptance as our own, after we had done all that could be done to avoid having it. What if such a thing had happened to France? What rejoicings, what flourishings there would have been! In England I suppose that the vast majority of the population will remain in ignor-

ance that British India has been enlarged by so many thousand square miles of country famous in history, and most of those who know of it will learn it with indifference.

1st June.—Dined with Brookfields. Met Spedding, H. Hallam, who lives with them, Eothen (Kinglake), and Jacob Omnium (Higgins). Afterwards came in Thackeray and young Doyle, the son of H. B., who does all the cleverest drawings for *Punch.*

2d June.—To a lecture of Faraday's at the Royal Institution on electricity. The theatre quite full. It is long since I have heard the hissing and crackling of an electrical machine, not, indeed, since the days when I made one. The offer to take shocks after the lecture was unanimously declined by the whole audience. Indeed, I do not know a nastier sensation, however slight the charge may be.

4th June.—The *Charivari* has an amusing account of M. Proudhon's adventures in Russia and China, with illustrations, in which he is seen in every variety of costume and position. He gets into some favour with the Emperor of China, and for a time is supposed to suspend his attacks upon property, but his old passion

breaks out, and he is found pulling down the great wall with a pickaxe. On this the Chinese want to get rid of him, and send him up into the air tied to the tail of a kite; but, says the letterpress, "M. Proudhon se console, en remarquant, que la proprieté du cerf-volant c'est le vol."

5th June.—The *Times*, in its Indian news, gives Trim's appointment as a Deputy Commissioner in the new Government of Lahore, and with two junior to him in the list, which is all right. Dine with Kenneth Macaulays, where were the Trevelyans, Derwent Coleridge and wife, the Eastlakes, Moultrie, the parson of Rugby and poet; Bezzi, an Italian well known in music and art, who has been long in London, and some others, making a very pleasant company. Afterwards to a grand party at the Bunsens, who now occupy the splendid house which belonged to Mr. Alexander in Carlton Terrace. It was an enormous affair; the whole German Operatic Company seemed to be engaged, the principal singers in the drawing-rooms, and the chorus stationed at the foot of the staircase. All the rooms, corridors, and staircase were full of

company, and the little bit of garden was illuminated with coloured lamps.

11th June.—The day so cold that I was glad of a fire in my room in Lincoln's Inn. To see some drawings from Angelico's frescoes in the chapel of Nicholas V. in the Vatican, which are thought of for the Arundel Society, but I fear may be too expensive. We should have dined with Thackeray at Kensington, but an aunt is dangerously ill and he is sent for into the country to see her. So we went to *Don Giovanni* at Drury Lane, where Pishek is said to be the best Don since Ambrogetti. It was, on the whole, a fine performance of that beautiful music, every note of which is worth treasuring. The German words, however, do not go well with the well-known airs, and we were glad to have two books, one in German and another in Italian.

13th June.—Afternoon to Hampstead, and took lodgings for a week for a change of air for the boy. It is a beautiful place, and not to be despised because it is within half an hour's drive from London. Passed through Well Walk, which gave me a great pang. I

know no local association more strong and affecting than this. O marvellous Richardson! you wrote the greatest prose-work in the English language, and the sad memories of Clarissa will live with it.

23*d June.*—Called on Miss Herries in Clifford Street, where found Macready. At one time he had a scheme for going to reside permanently on the other side of the Atlantic. But after the late treatment he received in New York, where indeed his life was in danger, he now says, "Nicholas or Nero, but not the United States."

28*th June.*—To the Italian Opera this evening for Madame Puzzi's benefit. Alboni came out in *Don Pasquale*, in a part very different both in character and voice from what she has before done, and proved herself more than equal to it. She acted and sang well. This is a slight opera, but affords room for rich comic play by Lablache. What a pity that he cannot act Falstaff!

29*th June.*—In afternoon drove to Kew Gardens, taking Maria H. The new palm-house is most magnificent. The external view is beautiful. It looks like a palace cut out of solid ice, and the forms of the people moving

within it have a mysterious and rich effect. Inside you are in the midst of a tropical forest, the date palm, the cocoa, the banana, the India-rubber tree, the strange euphorbiums, with their uncouth and prickly branches, reminding one of the infernal trees in Dante's wood of the suicides—

> "Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco:
> Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e involti;
> Non pomi v'eran, ma stecchi con tosco."

All these, with zamias, tree ferns, etc., are seen shooting aloft, while lower down specimens of the sugar-cane, coffee plant, the ancient papyrus, and a hundred unfamiliar forms of vegetation attract the eye. The total length must be very considerable, the height in the centre is sixty feet, and round this part runs a gallery, to which access is given by a spiral staircase. From this you can look down upon the scene below, and I suppose that this must afford a very fair notion of the general aspect of tropical vegetation on a small scale. It is spiky and uncomfortable to the eye, and the green is not of the hue to which our trees have accustomed one. It made me understand the unspeakable pleasure with which Anglo-Indians must see oaks

and other trees of a colder climate in the Upper Provinces or on their return to England. It seemed to me as if a hawthorn bush must be worth all the palms of the East.

7th July. — After breakfast to Manningtree by railway, and found Merivale waiting at the station, from which a few minutes' drive brought us to his rectory of Lawford, a pretty country (Constable's, in fact), and a comfortable house, much improved by him, full of books and pictures. No place is more enjoyable than a bachelor's house, and we thoroughly enjoyed lying under shady trees on the hot days we spent there. B—— was very happy, and made great friends with the servants of the house. One of them got him a bird's nest with eggs in it, on which he observed, "You must not eat them now; they are not ripe yet." Then there was a fish pond in the garden with gold fish in it, and a rotatory blowing machine in the dining-room, which he called not inaptly "a gun-bellows," and all sorts of delights for him.

Among neighbours who came to dinner was Mr. Ambrose, a well-known solicitor of Manningtree, who told a curious story. He was

asked by a client to invest some money for him in his own name, and accordingly he bought a sum of about £400 Consols, and paid his client the dividends without going to get them at the Bank of England. Some time afterwards he went to the Bank, when payment of the dividends due was refused, on the ground that he had not named the right amount of stock in his name. He went again, after having looked at the stock receipt and finding no mistake. The dividends were again refused, although Mr. Ambrose explained his position, and the pay clerk went to consult a superior. But one day a clerk from his own office happened to be at the office of Francis, a solicitor of Colchester, and on returning mentioned that he had seen a piece of blotting paper with the name of Mr. Ambrose upon it and some figures, which he was told had been brought away by Francis from the Bank of England. It had been used by him to blot a memorandum made while receiving dividends, and had been carried off by mistake in his pocket-book. It was sent to Ambrose, and had upon it his name together with the amount of stock invested by him for his client, with another

amount added, making about £1200. It evidently reproduced the note made by the clerk when he went to consult his superior, and disclosed the amount of stock actually standing in the name of Ambrose, who went again to the Bank and, upon naming this sum, received the dividends. It afterwards turned out that the client had made a further investment in consols in his name, without informing him of it, and it had been in due course added to the sum already standing in his name in the same stock.

16*th July*.—There is a good story of Mrs. Grote and Louis Napoleon. She went to see him in Paris lately, when he, remembering some former misunderstanding between them, chose to be very cool and distant in his reception of her, and only asked her, "Do you stay long in Paris?" when she had her revenge by answering, "No; do you?"

24*th July*. — At a large dinner given by Lady Chantrey at the Star and Garter; thirty people. Lockhart, with his daughter and son-in-law, James Hope; the Eastlakes, Sir Howard Douglas and his daughter, Mrs. Gartshore, who sang after dinner; Murray, the

publisher, etc. etc. Lady Chantrey was the height of high comedy as she marshalled her guests with a fan held baton-wise in one hand, and a list of her company in the other.

St. Julian's, 7th August. — It is charming to be at rest in this quiet haven again. The country is looking beautiful, and the fountain on the terrace is plashing to its usual pleasant tune. Only one thing is bad, and is a tabooed subject—there are no hops. The ranks of bare poles stand in skeleton mockery in the hop-gardens, only here and there rendered more hideous by a scanty and ragged drapery of blackened leaves, funeral garlands in mourning for the harvest that should have been, but is not. The desolation extends over all this part of Kent. Somebody somewhere else will of course profit by it.

23d August.—To Edge Lane Hall.

26th August.—Visit to Mr. Lassell's observatory at Starfield. Saw his twenty-feet reflector, side view, mounted equatorially.

4th September.—A flying visit to Carstairs. Tennyson, Milnes, Gardens there.

11th September.—To the cottage, St. Julian's, for remainder of vacation.

9th April 1850.—To the *Barber of Seville* at Her Majesty's. Sontag as Rosina. It is a perfect exhibition of the highest musical skill, but provoked no enthusiasm to hear it again. Alas for Jenny Lind, that she will sing no more on the stage.

22d May.—Dined with Eastlakes. Lord Compton, Milman, Lady Davy, Passavant, Edwin Landseer, Mrs. Hamilton Gray, Kenneth Macaulays.

27th June 1850.

MY DEAR E.—We returned on Tuesday from a pleasant visit to C. Merivale at Lawford. He is going to be married, and I shall give him a wedding present of a barometer for his entrance hall. Of course, the marking of "Stormy" will be removed, and the mercury will be permanently fixed at "Set Fair." The day before we went away we had a little dinner at home, of Eastlakes, Derwent Coleridges, Grove, the lawyer and philosopher, and Ruskins.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

2d July 1850.

MY DEAR E.—Sir Robert Peel's death will be felt as a great loss, not as a party man, for he had almost ceased to be one, but as one of weight, authority, and experience, to whom all persons might look for advice and assistance. There is nothing to confirm the rumour that he was seized by a fit on horseback. He was a bad rider, and the horse shied at some provocation. His removal from the House of Commons will, no doubt, make combinations in politics

possible which during his presence could not have taken place. Whether they will be ultimately beneficial will remain to be seen.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

Part of the autumn was spent at that paradise for young children, Broadstairs, where we had the great pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Dickens and his family, then occupying, as he did for many years, the Fort House. Boxall was staying with us, and we met out walking, and were introduced by him. The first impression of his delightful manner and conversation was only confirmed by much subsequent friendly intercourse. No one could be more free from egotism than Dickens was. He never talked about himself or his books, and was thus in great contrast with Thackeray, who, after he became famous, liked no subject so well.

ALBION HOTEL, BROADSTAIRS,
29th August 1850.

MY DEAR E.—F—— has got his sand spade. We have walked to Ramsgate and come back in a boat; we have bathed, and already begin to feel that the duties of life can only be fulfilled by a constant attendance on the beach or on the downs, with an occasional visit to Dover or Canterbury.

The "Thirty Years' War" is being slowly carried on

by the assistance of General Flügel, who commands on our side, and we are gradually getting the better of Field-Marshal Schiller, who makes an obstinate resistance to our progress.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

21*st October*. — Dine Thackerays, Brookfields, Frederick Elliott, Sandford.

2*d November*. — Martin was appointed a Baron of the Exchequer, *vice* Baron Rolfe, made a Vice-Chancellor.

8*th December*.—Went over the building in Hyde Park for the coming great exhibition with Boxall and Digby Wyatt.

10*th December*. — Dined with Dickens in Devonshire Place. Met Mr. and Mrs. Watson of Rockingham Castle.

During the last two months of the year Macready was giving his final performances at the Haymarket Theatre. We attended those of Richelieu, Virginius, Werner, King John, Henry the Fourth, Mr. Oakley, and Richard the Second. Mr. Oakley was one of his best parts, and displayed his power of humour to advantage. No one can be a truly great actor—perhaps not a truly great man—who is deficient in this especial characteristic of humanity.

11*th January* 1851.—At dinner Macready,

Kenneth Macaulays, Charles and Maria Herries, and my brother George. We had met Macready at Talfourd's house, after seeing him in the characters of Henry IV. and Mr. Oakley, as described by my wife in her *Macready as I Knew Him*, and this engagement to come to us was then made with him.

7th February.—Moved to No. 59 Montagu Square.

59 MONTAGU SQUARE, W., *4th March* 1851.

MY DEAR E.—The political crisis of the last ten days ends in the word of command, "As you was." The only change is that Lord Broughton is President of the Board of Control instead of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, he having been made a peer with that title. The *dramatis personæ* remain the same, but some alteration may be looked for in the action of the piece. Lord Stanley's inability to form a Government was no matter of regret for us personally. Mr. Herries would have been again exercised by the cares and anxieties of office if it had been otherwise. To turn from the great to the lesser stage: we have duly assisted at the parting ceremonies of Macready. On Wednesday we were at Drury Lane, when he took leave of the stage in *Macbeth*. The house itself was a fine sight. His speech was simple and touching. Placed in the first row of stalls, I caught a severe cold from the rush of air, like a hurricane, from the stage into the heated house. It was like sitting on the box of a coach going fourteen miles an hour without one's hat on.

On Saturday was the dinner, for which I got out of bed;

600 persons were present, and there had been 2000 applications for tickets. The room was not well adapted for the purpose, and the company was somewhat closely packed; but with good humour, and a desire to make the best of it, all inconveniences were acquiesced in with patience. There were seats for a dozen ladies only in a recess behind the chair, and J——and Maria H. were among these favoured few. The best speeches were those of Bulwer, Macready, and Dickens. The others were all too long, and inaudible to many of the company. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister, was the greatest offender in this respect, but his matter was good. Of course there was mixed with sterling metal some of the tinsel and claptrap which passes current on such occasions. The only speech that was out of tune was Thackeray's. He indulges in a humour to turn things the seamy side out, which is at least not appropriate to a festive occasion.—Yours affectionately,

W. F. P.

11*th March*.—To British Museum to see the plaster cast of a man's face, said to be Shakespeare's, now in the possession of König. It is a genuine cast taken after death, but there was no internal or external evidence to prove that it possesses the surpassing interest that would belong to it if it represented Shakespeare. The date of the year of his death is marked upon it, but it might just as well be Cervantes, or any one else who died in that year, and there is no pedigree whatever for it.

28*th May.*—To Great Exhibition with George. Among the clocks.

18*th June.*—C. C. S. dinner at Blackwall—Donne presided.

20*th June.*—Lord Ward has done a handsome thing in engaging a gallery at the Egyptian Hall, into which all persons may walk on writing down their names. He has some of the finest early Italian pictures in England.

25*th June.*—Breakfast with Milnes. Spedding, Thompson, Venables, Aubrey de Vere, F. Lushington. R. M. M. is going to marry Miss Crewe, sister to Lord Crewe. Great hopes that this will not put an end to his breakfasts.

28*th June.*—At dinner Thompson, F. W. Gibbs, Stephen (son of Sir James), and Forster of the *Examiner.*

9*th July.*—To Babbage's, where were some foreign men of science—Dupin, Jobard; Sir John Herschel, and Sir David Brewster, but altogether not more than a dozen people. Talked a good deal with Brewster. He had with him a portfolio of fine talbotypes, and one of his own improved stereoscopes. He did not seem to know that it had been made

in large quantities in Paris and sold there and in London.

10*th July*. — Evening at Sir Roderick Murchison's reception as President of the Geographical Society. There was a slight sprinkling of ladies among two or three hundred men, perhaps not more than fifteen or twenty, and looking more like ethnological specimens for the inspection of the geographers than a part of the company.

12*th July*. — Dined with John Forster in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Met Macaulay, Sir Charles Eastlake, W. S. Landor, the Attorney-General (Cockburn), David Roberts, Kenyon. A capital dinner—turtle, venison, and the finest strawberries of the season. The rooms are lined with books from floor to ceiling. There is a wicked story in circulation of a cabman who drove Forster and a friend, and after setting down Forster asked of the other, "Do you know that gentleman's name? I drive him very often. He's a harbitrary cove."

SHERBORNE HOUSE, 15*th July* 1851.

DEAR E.—We travelled by Great Western Railway to Frome, and thence posted 22 miles to Sherborne, stopping to water the horses at the pretty village of Bruton, where

we enjoyed a stroll in the churchyard and a look at the church, such as cannot be had in these days of almost universal railway travelling. Macready's house is spacious and handsome, and the rooms are full of fine prints and objects of art. Many are panelled in old oak; one has been recently decorated in colours. It is of the town, but not in it; a country house, but with the advantage of shops, post-office, etc., all at hand. It is such a house as Plumer Ward loved to describe in his novels as the residence of one of his retired statesmen. To run into blank verse—

> A staircase heavy-balustered in oak,
> And on the walls a whole mythology
> By Thornhill fixed there, him whose works half seen
> Discolour in St. Paul's the inward dome;
> An ante-chamber in Pompeian style,
> Whose rug in many-tinted worsteds shows
> The classic "SALVE" to the welcome guest,
> A present from old Kenyon, fattest friend.
> At night we slept in beds of Araby
> Blest with deep down, and curtained with the folds
> Of richest damask, and upon the walls
> Were prints selected by Italian friends,
> In which the burin followed the grand sweeps
> And rounded forms of great Correggio's brush:
> Wardrobes of maple, full of hooks and shelves
> Conveniently placed, received the spoils
> Of our portmanteaus, and above the grate
> A mirror showed back comfort and content.

Yesterday there was a drive to Montacute, through Yeovil, and returning by Trent. At Montacute there is an Elizabethan old house, belonging to the Philips family, once of importance. There are many portraits, but the

outside of the house is the best part of it. At Trent is a house in which Charles II. is said to have been in hiding for a night after Worcester fight.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

MONTAGU SQUARE, *26th July* 1851.

DEAR E.—Two wet days at Sherborne did not prove tedious. There was an interesting collection of letters to Macready to look over, and twice we had readings—one of the fifth book of *Paradise Lost*, and one of the first act of *Hamlet*. It is impossible to conceive anything more magnificent than the Milton reading was—such thoughts, such language, and so enunciated. The voice was like a pealing organ, with stop after stop, as it were, pulled out in succession, until the sound rolled forth in a full tide of power and beauty. The Hamlet surpassed all that I had supposed possible in that way. Much, of course, is lost by the absence of all stage effect; but, on the other hand, much is gained by having every part finely rendered. Polonius is no longer a buffoon, Laertes becomes a gentleman, and Horatio a fit companion for Hamlet. The Ghost was very grand, and the effect was increased by the expression of the face and fixed stare of the eye, from which you will collect that the performance was not addressed to the ear alone, but within certain well-chosen limits also depended on the face of the reader being seen. It was curious how one missed the applause and movement which accompanies the entrance of Hamlet in the theatre, and how familiarly unfamiliar the well-known voice fell upon the ear during the first sentences of the part of Hamlet, in consequence of not hearing it then for the first time in the piece, as one did when the play was acted; and yet how much more true it was that Hamlet should not be the only

gentleman and the only person of courtly bearing at the Court of Denmark, as he generally was on the stage. On Sunday we were carried to Millborn Port—a place for which you should feel some sympathy, for it was in Schedule A of the Reform Bill, along with Old Sarum. We attended morning service, and sat with Sir William Medlicott's family in the chancel, taking afterwards an early dinner at his house, the Ven, a large and comfortable red-brick mansion, probably of the time of Dutch William. Driving back to Frome we again stopped at Bruton, and again looked at the church; but were more circumspect in loitering, as we were going to meet a railway train.

Last night we were at Lady Eastlake's, where were Landseer, Barry, Gibson, etc., and Lewis the painter, who has been living at Cairo for some years, and still wears a venerable white beard *à la Turque*. I was introduced to him; and we shall go and see his pictures next week.—Yours affectionately, W. F. P.

4th August.—To performance of amateur theatricals at the Hanover Square Rooms—*Not so Bad as we Seem*, and *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, written by Dickens, and in which he took the chief part, assuming a variety of disguises, and showing that if he had not been a great writer he might easily have been a first-rate actor. There was an alarm of fire—something had caught and burned for a moment among the scenes. The room is probably the worst in London as to means of rapid exit, and

there might have been serious consequences but for the presence of mind of Dickens, who was on the stage at the time. He quietly continued his part, but kept his eye on the back of the stage, so as to satisfy the audience that he saw what was happening and that all was going right.

12*th August*.—Dined with Forster. Met John Lewis and his wife, Paget (Hungary), Spedding, Robert Browning. Paget spoke of Kossuth with mixed praise and blame, as an honest-meaning man, but exceedingly vain and jealous of others, and unequal to the position he had attained, and by no means to be relied upon. He said Görgey was a thorough gentleman and a good scholar, but of a temper which ill fitted him for acting with others. The army was devoted to him; Kossuth was envious of his popularity, and on two occasions most unwisely superseded him in the command. Paget said that Haynau was in disgrace at the Austrian Court, and was now most absurdly seeking popularity in Hungary. He entirely acquitted him of the extravagant charges of cruelty made against him. But he is a man reckless of public opinion, which he delights in

defying. He expressed no personal resentment after the attack made on him at Barclay and Perkins's brewery in London, saying that he knew it was not directed against him, but against the Emperor. In this he was quite wrong.

17*th October.*—At Broadstairs. Walked to Minster with Dickens, as arranged by the following note from him :—

BROADSTAIRS,
Friday, Seventeenth October 1851.

MY DEAR POLLOCK—There is a project afoot for walking to Minster and back (15 miles) this morning, and chartering a fly for the recreant portion of the company who may be basely disposed to ride one way. Will you come? If you walk there, we start at 12. If you ride there, the degrading machine will creep through the sunny air at half-past 12.—Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

22*d November.*—*Little Julian and his Playfellows* was published, a book written by my wife for our eldest son, at this time six years old. It went into a second edition.

28*th November.*—To Wheatstone at Hammersmith. He went over the points of his Bakerian lecture to be given on vision, showed me his pseudoscope, etc.

15*th December.* — Dine and sleep at Mr. Cunningham's, vicar of Harrow. I had written

some reviews for the *Christian Observer*, of which he was the editor, and had been introduced to him by George Richmond.

31*st December*.—Saw in the New Year at Dickens's house.

END OF VOL. I

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